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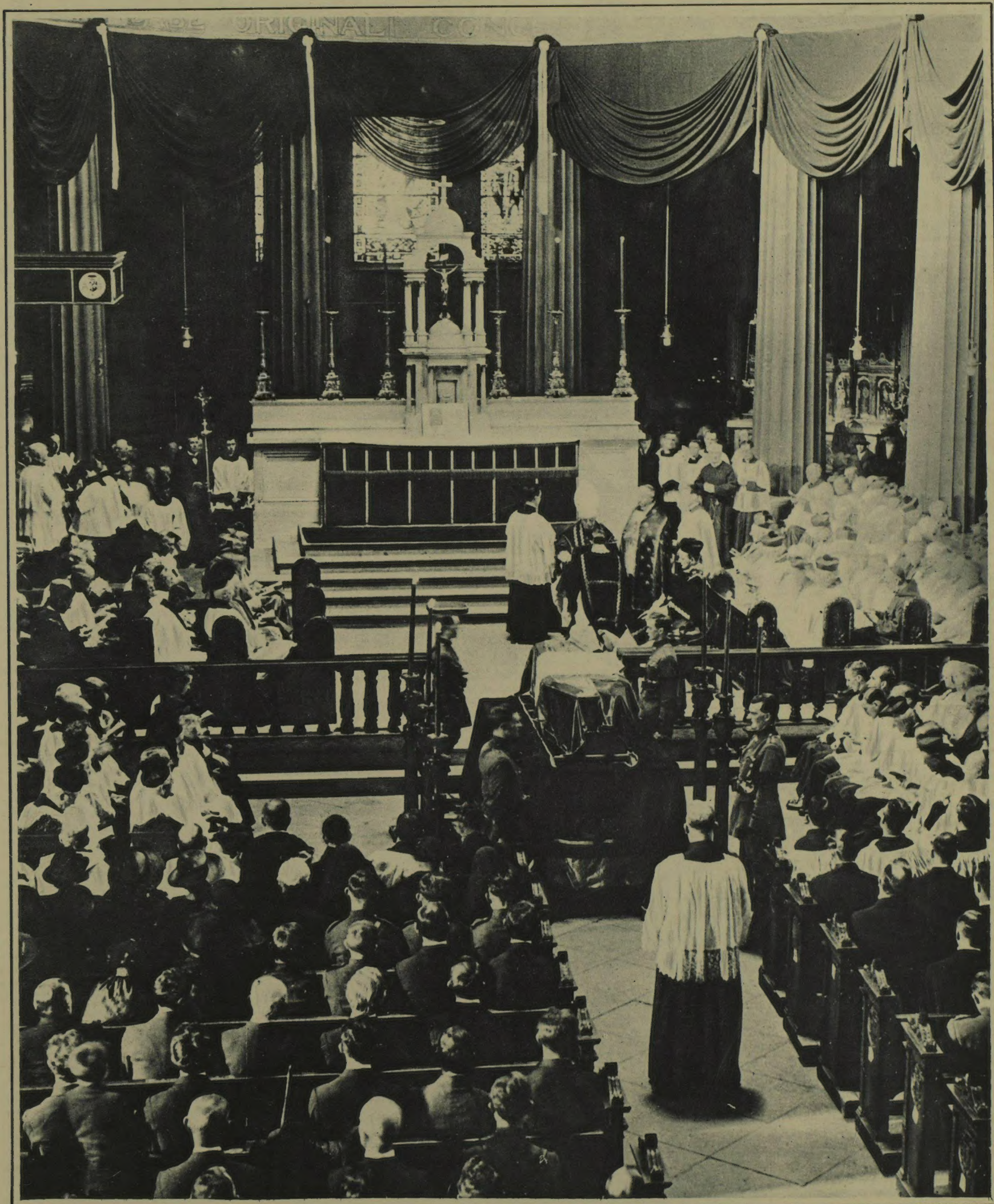
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1922.

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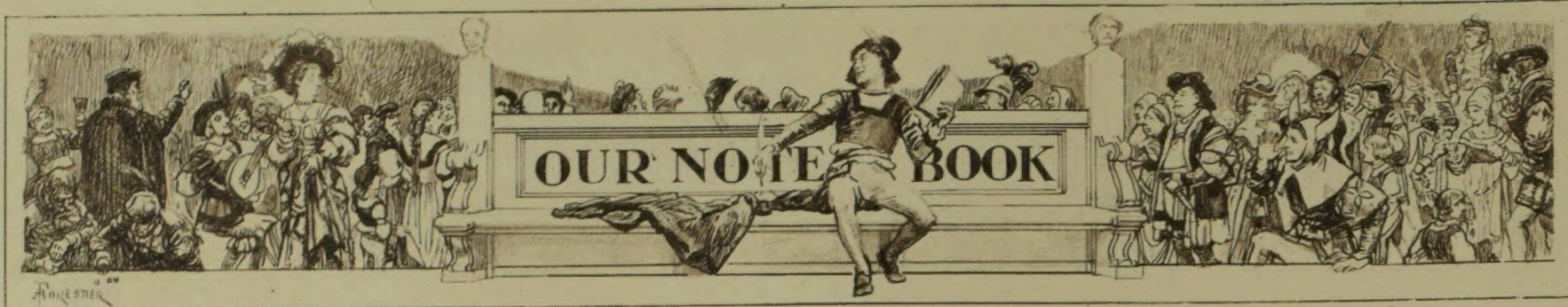


THE LAST RITES OF THE CHURCH FOR GENERAL MICHAEL COLLINS: THE REQUIEM HIGH MASS IN THE PRO-CATHEDRAL AT DUBLIN.

After five days of mourning, the body of General Michael Collins was laid to rest in Dublin on August 28. The coffin had remained through the previous night in the chancel of the Pro-Cathedral, which was hung with crape and silver streamers. In the morning a Pontifical Requiem High Mass was celebrated by Bishop Fogarty, of Killaloe, and the Archbishop of Dublin (Dr. Byrne) pronounced the final

Absolution. Among the clergy present were the Archbishop of Brisbane, and the Bishops of Down and Connor, Clogher, Clonfert, Auckland, and Salford. In the nave and the aisles sat the mourners, the Dail Cabinet, members of the Free State Parliament, and other public representatives. Illustrations of the lying-in-state and the procession to the cemetery appear on other pages in this number.

PHOTOGRAPH BY I.B.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

DIVORCE is a thing which the newspapers now not only advertise, but advocate, almost as if it were a pleasure in itself. It may be, indeed, that all the flowers and festivities will now be transferred from the fashionable wedding to the fashionable divorce. A superb iced and frosted divorce-cake will be provided for the feast, and in military circles will be cut with the co-respondent's sword. A dazzling display of divorce presents will be laid out for the inspection of the company, watched by a detective dressed as an ordinary divorce guest. Perhaps the old divorce breakfast will be revived; anyhow, toasts will be drunk, the guests will assemble on the doorstep to see the husband and wife go off in opposite directions; and all will go merry as a divorce-court bell. All this, though to some it might seem a little fanciful, would really be far less fantastic than the sort of things that are really said on the subject. I am not going to discuss the depth and substance of that subject. I myself hold a mystical view of marriage; but I am not going to debate it here. But merely in the interests of light and logic I would protest against the way in which it is frequently debated. The process cannot rationally be called a debate at all. It is a sort of chorus of sentimentalists in the sensational newspapers, perpetually intoning some such formula as this: "We respect marriage, we reverence marriage, holy, sacred, ineffably exquisite and ideal marriage. True marriage is love, and when love alters, marriage alters, and when love stops or begins again, marriage does the same; wonderful, beautiful, beatific marriage."

Now, with all reasonable sympathy with everything sentimental, I may remark that all that talk is tosh. Marriage is an institution like any other, set up deliberately to have certain functions and limitations; it is an institution like private property, or conscription, or the legal liberties of the subject. To talk as if it were made or melted with certain changing moods is a mere waste of words. The object of private property is that as many citizens as possible should have a certain dignity and pleasure in being masters of material things. But suppose a dog-stealer were to say that as soon as a man was bored with his dog it ceased to be his dog, and he ceased to be responsible for it. Suppose he were to say that by merely coveting the dog, he could immediately morally possess the dog. The answer would be that the only way to make men responsible for dogs was to make the relation a legal one, apart from the likes and dislikes of the moment. Suppose a burglar were to say: "Private property I venerate, private property I revere; but I am convinced that Mr. Brown does not truly value his silver Apostle spoons as such sacred objects should be valued; they have therefore ceased to be his property; in reality they have already become my property, for I appreciate their precious character as nobody else can do." Suppose a murderer were to say: "What can be more amiable and admirable than human life lived with a due sense of its priceless opportunity! But I regret to observe that Mr. Robinson has lately been looking decidedly tired and melancholy; life accepted in this depressing and demoralising spirit can no longer truly be called life; it is rather my own exuberant and perhaps exaggerated joy of life which I must gratify by cutting his throat with a carving-knife."

It is obvious that these philosophers would fail to understand what we mean by a rule, quite apart from the problem of its exceptions. They would fail to grasp what we mean by an institution, whether it be the institution of law, of property, or of marriage. A reasonable person will certainly reply to the burglar: "You will hardly soothe us by merely poetical praises of property; because your case would be much more convincing if you denied, as the Communists do, that property ought to exist at all. There may be, there certainly are, gross abuses in private property; but, so long as it is an institution at all, it cannot

alter merely with moods and emotions. A farm cannot simply float away from a farmer, in proportion as his interest in it grows fainter than it was. A house cannot shift away by inches from a householder, by certain fine shades of feeling that he happens to have about it. A dog cannot drift away like a dream, and begin to belong to somebody else who happens just then to be dreaming of him. And neither can

the serious social relation of husband and wife, of mother and father, or even of man and woman, be resolved in all its relations by passions and reactions of sentiment." This question is quite apart from the question of whether there are exceptions to the rule of loyalty, or what they are. The primary point is that there is an institution to which to be loyal. If the new sentimentalists mean what they say, when they say they venerate that institution, they must not suggest that an institution can be actually identical with an emotion. And that is what their rhetoric does suggest, so far as it can be said to suggest anything.

These writers are always explaining to us why they believe in divorce. I think I can easily understand why they believe in divorce. What I do not understand is why they believe in marriage. Just as the philosophical burglar would be more philosophical if he were a Bolshevik, so this sort of divorce advocate would be more philosophical if he were a free-lover. For his arguments never seem to touch on marriage as an institution, or anything more than an individual experience. The real explanation of this strange indifference to the institutional idea is, I fancy, something not only deeper, but wider; something affecting all the institutions of the modern world. The truth is that these sociologists are not at all interested in promoting the sort of social life that marriage does promote. The sort of society of which marriage has always been the strongest pillar is what is sometimes called the distributive society; the society in which most of the citizens have a tolerable share of property, especially property in land. Everywhere, all over the world, the farm goes with the family and the family with the farm. Unless the whole domestic group hold together with a sort of loyalty or local patriotism, unless the inheritance of property is logical and legitimate, unless the family quarrels are kept out of the courts of officialism, the tradition of family ownership cannot be handed on unimpaired. On the other hand, the Servile State, which is the opposite of the distributive state, has always been rather embarrassed by the institution of marriage. It is an old story that the negro slavery of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" did its worst work in the breaking-up of families. But, curiously enough, the same story is told from both sides. For the apologists of the Slave States, or, at least, of the Southern States, make the same admission even in their own defence. If they denied breaking up the slave family, it was because they denied that there was any slave family to break up.



SEEKING TO SAVE GERMANY FROM ECONOMIC COLLAPSE DISASTROUS TO EUROPE: (L. TO R.) SIR JOHN BRADBURY AND M. MAUCLÈRE IN BERLIN.

Sir John Bradbury and M. Maucière, of the Reparations Commission, have been in Berlin discussing the proposed moratorium and payment of reparations in kind by deliveries of coal and timber. It was stated that the new German proposals would be considered by the Commission on August 30.

Photograph by Frankl, Berlin.



THE AUSTRIAN CHANCELLOR'S ECONOMIC MISSION: (L. TO R.) HERREN RIEDL, SEIPEL AND WILDNER, IN BERLIN.

Dr. Seipel, the clerical Chancellor of Austria, returned to Vienna on August 27, after visiting Prague, Berlin, and Verona. He said that Italy was prepared to renew negotiations for a commercial treaty with Austria, and that he could submit to Parliament proposals that would save Austria from economic collapse.—[Photograph by Press Exclusives.]

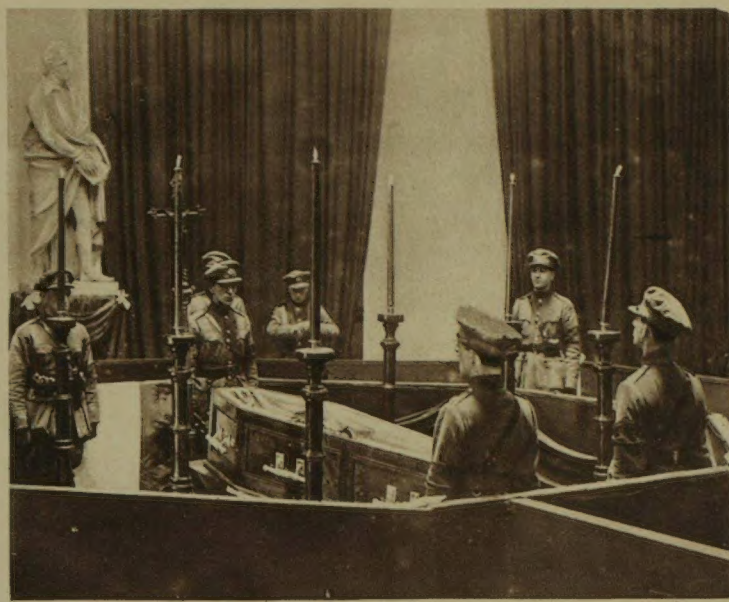
Free love is the direct enemy of freedom. It is the most obvious of all the bribes that can be offered by slavery. In servile societies a vast amount of sexual laxity can go on in practice, and even in theory, save when now and then some cranky speculator or crazy squire has a fad for some special breed of slaves like a breed of cattle. And even that lunacy would not last long; for lunatics are the minority among slave-owners. Slavery has a much more sane and a much more subtle appeal to human nature than that. It is much more likely that, after a few such fads and freaks, the new Servile State would settle down into the sleepy resignation of the old Servile State; the old pagan repose in slavery, as it was before Christianity came to trouble and perplex the world with ideals of liberty and chivalry. One of the conveniences of that pagan world is that, below a certain level of society, nobody really need bother about pedigree or paternity at all. A new world began when slaves began to stand on their dignity as virgin martyrs. Christendom is the civilisation that such martyrs made; and slavery is its returning enemy. But of all the bribes that the old pagan slavery can offer, this luxury and laxity is the strongest; nor do I deny that the influences desiring the degradation of human dignity have here chosen their instrument well.

THE PASSING OF MICHAEL COLLINS: LYING-IN-STATE; A WHITE LILY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTOPRESS, TOPICAL, I.B., AND C.N.



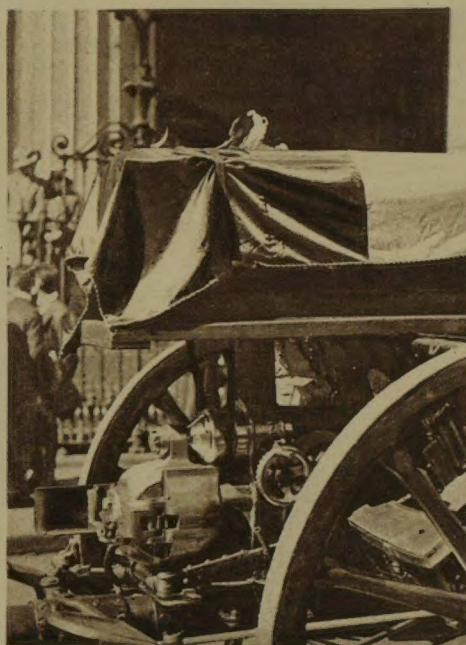
ON ITS WAY TO THE CITY HALL: THE COFFIN, ON A GUN-CARRIAGE, IN THE PROCESSION FROM ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL.



BEFORE THE STATUE OF DANIEL O'CONNELL: THE BODY OF MICHAEL COLLINS LYING IN STATE IN THE CITY HALL.



ARRESTED BY IRREGULARS: MR. JOHN COLLINS, BESIDE HIS SISTER, AT THE GRAVE.



BEARING ONLY A LILY FROM HIS FIANCEE: MICHAEL COLLINS' COFFIN IN PROCESSION.



LEAVING THE PRO-CATHEDRAL AFTER THE REQUIEM MASS: THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN (DR. BYRNE).



MEMBERS OF MICHAEL COLLINS'S HOME CIRCLE: (LEFT TO RIGHT) HIS MOTHER, MARRIED SISTER AND BABY, AND GRANDMOTHER.



SPEAKER OF THE GRAVESIDE PANEGYRIC FOR MICHAEL COLLINS: GENERAL MULCAHY (ON LEFT) AND STAFF OFFICERS AT THE FUNERAL.

After he was killed in ambush near his birthplace, Clonakilty, Co. Cork, the body of Michael Collins was brought to Dublin by steamer and taken for the night to the St. Vincent Hospital. The coffin was covered with the Free State tricolour and borne on a gun-carriage. Next day it was similarly conveyed to the City Hall, where it lay in state for three days, during which many mourners filed past it. The body was embalmed and dressed in his uniform as Commander-in-Chief, with the face exposed to view. On the evening of Sunday, August 27, it was transferred for the night to the Pro-Cathedral, where, on the next day,

the Requiem Mass was celebrated, followed by the final procession to Glasnevin Cemetery. During the service in the Cathedral, a single white flower, an Annunciation lily, was placed on the coffin by an Army dispatch rider, on behalf of Miss Kitty Kiernan, to whom Michael Collins was about to be married. This was the only flower on the gun-carriage in the subsequent procession. Michael Collins was the son of a farmer, and youngest of a family of eight. His brother, Mr. John Collins, was arrested by Irregulars on his way to Dublin for the funeral, but afterwards released in time for him to be present.

IRELAND MOURNS ANOTHER LOST LEADER: THE FUNERAL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, L.N.A.



WITH THE COVERING FLAG TEMPORARILY REMOVED: THE COFFIN BORN: BY OFFICERS FROM THE PRO-CATHEDRAL TO THE GUN-CARRIAGE.



SHOWING THE GUN-CARRIAGE OPPOSITE THE GAP OF WRECKAGE ON THE LEFT: THE PROCESSION IN O'CONNELL STREET, AMID RELICS OF BATTLE.



WITH THE COFFIN AGAIN COVERED BY THE FREE STATE TRICOLOUR: THE GUN-CARRIAGE AND ITS ESCORT LEAVING THE PRO-CATHEDRAL IN DUBLIN, AFTER THE REQUIEM MASS, FOR THE SIX-MILE PROCESSION TO GLASNEVIN CEMETERY.

Never before within living memory has there been such a demonstration of national feeling in Ireland as was shown at the funeral of General Michael Collins. The ceremony took place in Dublin on Monday, August 28, after the body of the dead leader had lain in state for three days in the City Hall. The proceedings of the day began with the Requiem Mass in the Pro-Cathedral, illustrated in the photograph on our front page in this number. After the final Absolution, pronounced by Archbishop Byrne, the tricolour of the Free State was removed from the coffin, and the bearers—five officers on each side—carried it down the nave to the sound of the "Dead March" in "Saul," placed it on the waiting gun-carriage outside, and again covered it with the flag. On the top of the coffin was set a

OF MICHAEL COLLINS—A GREAT NATIONAL DEMONSTRATION.

C.N. AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



PRONOUNCING A PANEGYRIC ON HIS DEAD COMRADE AT THE GRAVESIDE: GENERAL MULCAHY (ON RIGHT, BAREHEADED, VISIBLE ABOVE A LADY'S HAT).



THE FREE STATE ARMY'S TRIBUTE TO ITS DEAD COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF: FIRING A VOLLEY OVER THE GRAVE IN THE CEMETERY.



SALUTING AS THE "LAST POST" WAS SOUNDED: FREE STATE ARMY OFFICERS AT THE GRAVESIDE—SHOWING MICHAEL COLLINS' BROTHER (IN THE CENTRE, BEHIND THEM).



SOUNDING THE "LAST POST" BESIDE THE GRAVE OF GENERAL MICHAEL COLLINS IN GLASNEVIN CEMETERY: BUGLERS OF THE FREE STATE ARMY.



A PROCESSION IN THEMSELVES: THE LONG LINE OF MOTOR-CARS BEARING FLORAL TRIBUTES SENT FROM MANY PARTS OF THE WORLD.



A SEA OF FLOWERS OVER THE GRAVE OF MICHAEL COLLINS: SOLDIERS DEPOSITING ADDITIONS TO THE MULTITUDE OF WREATHS AND CROSSES.

single flower, a white lily from Miss Kitty Kiernan, to whom Michael Collins was engaged. The procession then started for Glasnevin Cemetery, six miles away, taking three hours to arrive. Silent crowds lined the roadway, without a single barrier, soldier, or policeman to maintain the route. Before the gun-carriage walked the firing-party of Dublin Guards. The coffin was lowered into the grave by officers of the Intelligence Department, General Collins' own branch of the Army. The last rites were conducted by the Bishop of Killaloe, and the panegyric was spoken by General Richard Mulcahy, who has succeeded his dead comrade as Commander-in-Chief. Finally, volleys were fired, and buglers sounded the "Last Post."

STRIKE RIOTS AT HAVRE: CAVALRY CHARGES, VOLLEYS, AND BARRICADES.

"DAILY MAIL" PHOTOGRAPHS BY AIR.



DIGGING UP STREET PAVING-STONES FOR MISSILES AGAINST THE POLICE AND TROOPS: STRIKERS AT HAVRE DURING THE RIOTS WHICH THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT PROCLAIMED HAD BECOME A REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENT.



MOUNTED MEN AT CLOSE QUARTERS WITH STRIKERS: A DRAMATIC PHOTOGRAPH OF A CHARGE DURING THE RIOTS IN WHICH THREE MEN WERE KILLED AND MANY INJURED—SHOWING STRIKERS' BARRICADES IN THE BACKGROUND.

The strike in the metal trade at Havre, which had been proceeding for two months, and was recently extended by the influence of Communist agitators from Paris, developed on August 25 and 26 into grave disturbances. A general strike was declared, and the French Government issued a proclamation that it had become a revolutionary movement. Thousands of strikers gathered in the streets, and police patrols were roughly handled. A force of mounted gendarmes, headed by two magistrates, was stoned, and the senior magistrate injured. The strikers

erected barricades round their headquarters, the Salle Franklin. Mounted police charged, and, as the crowd continued to throw stones, they fired first with blank cartridge and then with ball. Two strikers and an onlooker were killed, and about 50 people, including many police, were injured. Eventually the police and military captured the strikers' headquarters and arrested the leaders. Later there was a movement in Paris for a twenty-four-hours' protest strike on August 29. The Havre strike was due to a dispute over a reduction of wages.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE, FRANKL (BERLIN), TOPICAL, C.N., RUSSELL, AND BERLINER BILD-BERICHT.



EXPECTED NEW HEAD OF IRISH GOVERNMENT: ALDERMAN W. COSGRAVE.



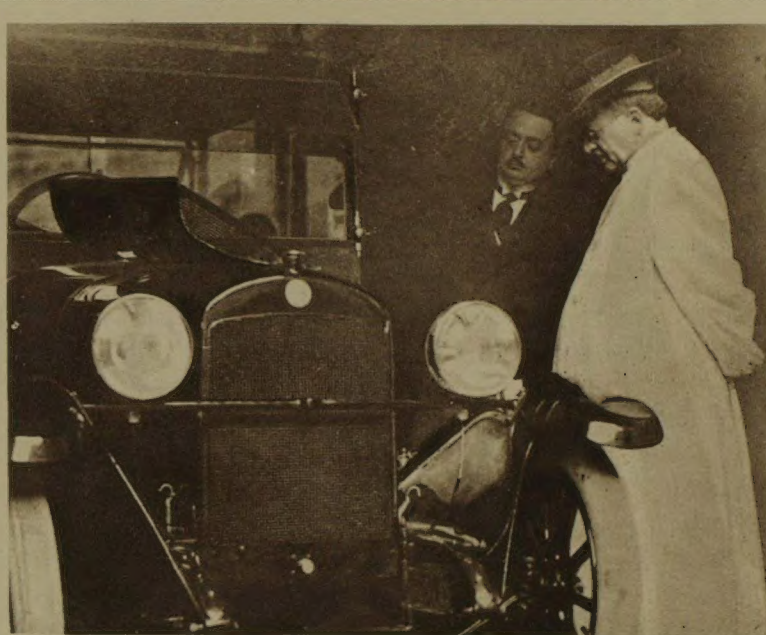
MILITARISM IN BAVARIA: FIELD-MARSHAL VON HINDENBURG INSPECTING A GUARD OF HONOUR ON HIS ARRIVAL IN MUNICH.



NEW C.-IN-C. OF IRISH FREE STATE ARMY: GENERAL RICHARD MULCAHY.



A LEADING AMERICAN WHO URGES THE U.S. TO SAVE EUROPE: GOVERNOR COX.



THE FIRST POPE TO OWN A MOTOR-CAR: PIUS XI. INSPECTING HIS 50-H.P. BIANCHI—A GIFT FROM MILAN WOMEN.



APPOINTED GOVERNOR OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA: GEN. TOM BRIDGES.



GERMAN RECORD-HOLDERS IN GLIDING EXPLOITS: MARTENS (LEFT) AND HENTZEN (RIGHT) WITH STATE SECRETARY LEWALD (CENTRE).



MAKER OF A WORLD-RECORD GLIDER FLIGHT WITH A PASSENGER: M. FOKKER (RIGHT) WITH PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA.

Alderman W. Cosgrave, Irish Minister for Local Government, became Acting President of Dail Eireann (the Sinn Fein Parliament) on the death of Mr. Arthur Griffith, and it was expected that he would be the new head of the Irish Free State Provisional Government.—Munich gave an enthusiastic welcome to Field-Marshal von Hindenburg when he visited it on August 21.—General Richard Mulcahy, Chief of Staff of the Irish Free State Army and Minister of Defence, has been appointed to succeed General Michael Collins as Commander-in-Chief.—Mr. James M. Cox, ex-Governor of Ohio and Democratic candidate for the U.S. Presidency at the last election, recently came to London, and has breakfasted with the Premier in Downing Street. In a statement on the economic peril of Europe

he urged the United States Government to intervene and appoint Mr. Hoover as a voting member of the commission on reparations.—Pope Pius XI. has been presented by the women of Milan, where he was formerly Archbishop, with a 50-h.p. Bianchi motor-car, bearing the Pontifical arms, for drives in the extensive Vatican grounds.—In the retreat from Le Cateau General Bridges induced stragglers to march by means of a toy drum bought in a village shop and a penny whistle.—The German trials with gliders, or motorless aeroplanes, were illustrated in our last number (for August 26). Herr Hentzen, a pupil of Herr Martens, made a record duration flight of over two hours. M. Fokker, the well-known Dutch designer of aeroplanes, made a 13-minute flight with a passenger—a world's record.

Bricked Up for Nearly Three Centuries:

A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY WINDOW FOUND.

By CLIFFORD HOSKEN.

A VERY few years after that pious and unfortunate King, Charles I., came to the throne, masons working on Chelsea's historic Old Church builded a wall and blocked up an old window. Last week part of that wall was pulled down, and behind it were found the remains of an early fourteenth-century stained-glass window.

This discovery is one of the very greatest importance, for there is no church in London, with the exception of Westminster Abbey, that possesses glass of so early a date, and very few that possess any pre-Reformation stained glass at all.

But, apart from the importance of the discovery, there is a mild savour of romance about it, since, for no very logical reason, I and two others who love the Old Church have for some years past promised ourselves that one day we would break open that window, behind which, we said, we were sure something was hidden.

Others told us that our hopes were childish—that in the many reparations and restorations the church had undergone the window must certainly have been opened many times. We felt they were right, but we hoped not.

But let me say something of the window, and of those who knew it in other days, first of all. It is of the Decorated period, with tracery of Reigate stone, the north-east one of the north or Lawrence Chapel—an addition to the Old Church built in the late thirteenth or early fourteenth century. In the sixteenth century this became the Manor Chapel, attached to Chelsea Manor House, then held by King Henry VIII., and in this chapel, tradition holds, King Henry married secretly his third wife, Jane Seymour, within a few hours of the beheading of his second Queen, attractive, vivacious Anne Boleyn.

Princess Elizabeth, afterwards the great Queen, lived for some time at the Manor House, and sat in this chapel. Sir Thomas More had his private chapel on the south side, immediately opposite.

Later came the Lawrence family, whose name the chapel now bears, and in 1631 died Sara Colville, the married daughter of a Lawrence; and in a way we have to thank her for the wonderful old glass we have just discovered. For to Sara Colville was erected, shortly after her death, a large and extraordinary monument. It represents her rising, clad in a winding sheet, from her coffin.

In order to erect this monument in the family chapel a window had to be blocked up. That is the window we have just opened.

The builders are again at work on the Old Church. Careful repairs, for which money is badly needed, have been in progress on this extraordinarily interesting old fabric for the past two years, and the opportunity was seized of workmen replacing a rotted vestry roof to "dig" for the treasure we believed to lie hidden.

To get at it we had first to pierce a hard layer of comparatively modern Roman cement. Behind that came a rough wall of old seventeenth-century roofing tiles, bricks, and hard mortar; behind that a layer of softer mortar, which we removed largely with pocket-knives and our fingers. And then came to sight that for which we had hoped so long.

First the old iron saddle-bars of the window appeared; then, as the soft mortar was scratched away, traces of glass leading. And then the glass.

The first to be discovered was merely a strip of border in the eastern of the two lights of the

as of a period not later than the middle of the fourteenth century.

So far as one can yet tell, the figure is set in a blue background, surrounded by a quatrefoil design, itself surrounded by a leaf border of black upon white glass and ruby. Beneath the figure a narrow strip of brilliant green is visible.

Mr. F. C. Eeles, the Honorary Secretary of the Central Committee for the Protection of Churches, who with the Rev. W. H. Stewart, Incumbent of the Old Church; Mr. R. West, the vergier; and the writer uncovered the glass, described the find as almost unique. The difficulty of removing the glass was

enormously increased by the presence of the old saddle-bars, the narrow spaces between which made it necessary to extract the window in small pieces. Yet, despite this handicap, we were able to get large portions out without cutting the old lead-work.

Once it was all salvaged, the precious fragments were taken with tender care to the South Kensington Museum for temporary safe keeping.

I said that we had no very logical reason for expecting to find anything valuable behind the sealed window. We had not, but we had this interesting knowledge. In 1858, in opening a partly blocked-up adjoining window in the Lawrence Chapel, the then architect came upon the remains of a stained-glass window. This window was badly broken, but contained a figure of St. Osyth. That figure has long since disappeared, but fragments of it were preserved in the Chelsea Library, and were three years ago returned to the Old Church to be embodied in a recently installed window next to that in which they were found.

Upon that we built our hopes, and for once we were not disappointed.

Why the masons of other days should have left these portions of old mediæval glass when they blocked up the windows, we cannot say. We can only be glad that they did so, for, after centuries of eclipse, the beauties of the stained-glass artists' work of Edward the Third's days are to be restored to sight.

The newly discovered window, at

which Sir Thomas More must often have looked, the colour of which must have attracted the eye of Gloriana as a girl, of Henry VIII., of Jane Seymour, of Katherine Parr (who spent the first days of her widowhood at Chelsea), of Erasmus and Holbein (More's close friends and frequent visitors), and a host of other famous folk in history, will before long once more adorn Chelsea's old parish church, for it is to be repaired—not restored—and replaced in the church. This time, we hope, it will remain to charm with its beauty another three centuries and more of worshippers in a church which can rival any in London in history and interest.



THE MONUMENT BEHIND WHICH THE FOURTEENTH-CENTURY WINDOW WAS FOUND: A FIGURE OF SARA COLVILLE (D. 1631) RISING FROM HER GRAVE AT THE RESURRECTION.

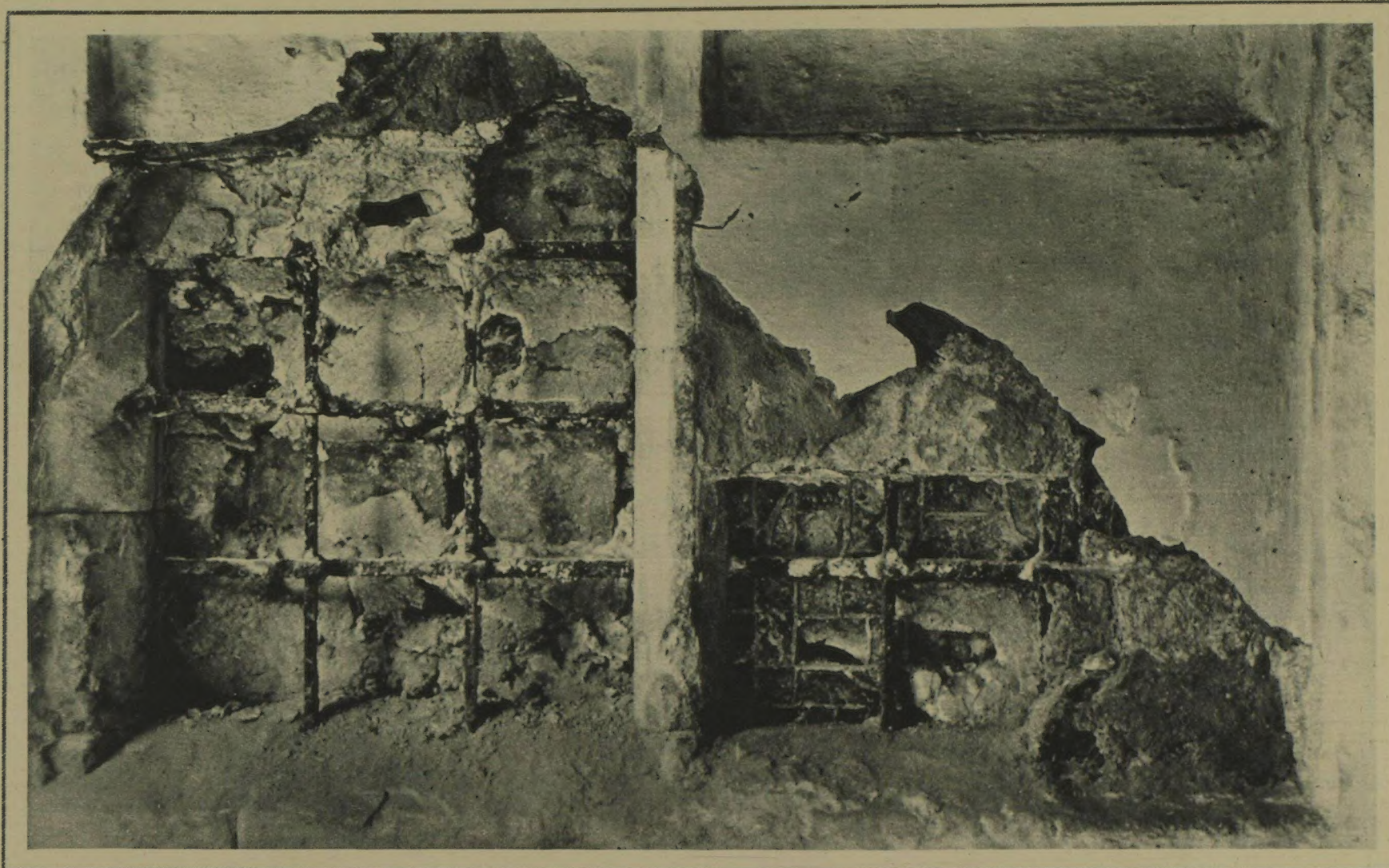
For nearly 300 years this monument in Chelsea Parish Church has concealed a fourteenth-century window, which has just been discovered blocked up behind it. The lady is shown in her winding-sheet, rising from the grave at the Resurrection. Above is a quotation from 1 Corinthians xv., 52: "For the trumpet shall blowe and the dead shall be raised up incorruptible, and wee shall be changed."

window. This subsequently proved to be all that was left in that light. But at the bottom of the western light the glass was found to extend right across and upwards. Upon this we worked with the utmost care, and eventually uncovered a panel, almost complete, some twenty-four inches by twenty-five in size.

This consists of a figure, the head of which, unfortunately, has gone, of a deacon, in appalled alb, dalmatic, and maniple—possibly that of St. Stephen or St. Lawrence. Until the glass has been carefully cleaned of its adhesive mortar, it is impossible to describe it in detail. But it appears to be in very fair condition, and can be placed

HIDDEN SINCE 1631: A "FIND" OF 14TH-CENTURY STAINED GLASS.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY MR. CLIFFORD HOSKEN AND ALFIERI.



THE ONLY 14TH-CENTURY STAINED GLASS IN ANY LONDON CHURCH EXCEPT WESTMINSTER ABBEY: THE FIRST SIGHT OF THE GLASS AFTER BREAKING OPEN THE WINDOW FROM THE OUTSIDE.



BLOCKED UP FOR NEARLY THREE HUNDRED YEARS BEHIND A MONUMENT: THE GLASS COMPLETELY UNCOVERED, BEFORE REMOVAL.



MADE UNDER EDWARD III.: THE WINDOW FOUND IN CHELSEA CHURCH, AS IT IS NOW, WITH GLASS REMOVED, BUT THE OLD IRON SADDLE-BARS IN PLACE.



The story of an important discovery of a stained-glass fourteenth-century window, hidden behind a monument in Chelsea Parish Church for nearly three hundred years, is told in the article on the opposite page. Westminster Abbey is the only other church in London that possesses glass of so early a date, and very few have any of pre-Reformation times. The window was found, during recent repairs, in the north chapel of the church, built for the Lawrence family. In 1631 a married daughter of the house, Sara Colville, died, and was commemorated in the chapel

by the monument illustrated opposite. In order to erect it, a window had to be blocked up, and that is the one which has just come to light. Tradition tells that it was in this chapel that Henry VIII. secretly married Jane Seymour, a few hours after Anne Boleyn had been beheaded. Its appearance must also have been familiar to Katherine Parr and Queen Elizabeth. The photographs show stages in the work (described opposite) of uncovering the window. The brick-work and rubble showing through it is at the back of the Colville tomb.

LIFE ON "THE ROOF OF THE WORLD": TIBET—A LAND OF

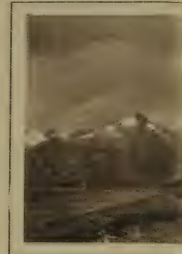
PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE LATE DR. A. L. SHELTON.



WITH ONLY ONE OPENING FOR AIR AND TAKING IN FOOD: CELLS NEAR PEHEU, IN WHICH LAMAS ARE VOLUNTARILY INCARCERATED, SOMETIMES FOR LIFE.



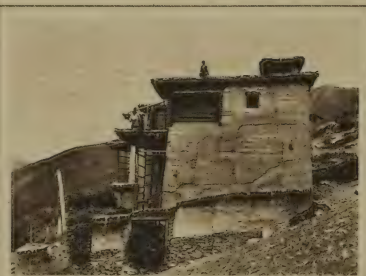
BUILT IN FOUR STOREYS, THE TOP FLOOR BEING USED FOR THE SAFE-KEEPING OF IDOLS: A TIBETAN HOUSE OF THE MORE ARISTOCRATIC TYPE.



FLYING THE CHINESE FLAG A BOUNDARY MARK ON THE AND



HARVEST WORK ON HOUSE ROOFS: TIBETAN WOMEN THRESHING BARLEY IN A PRIMITIVE FASHION WITH FLAILS.



THE GROUND FLOOR FOR YAKS; THE NEXT, LIVING QUARTERS; THE NEXT FOR STORAGE, AND THE TOP FOR IDOLS: A TYPICAL TIBETAN HOUSE.



A LINK WITH SCOTLAND: A TIBETAN PLAYING BAG-PIPER, THE NATIONAL INSTRUMENT.



SHORN OF HIS SILKY HAIR, WHICH IS USED FOR MAKING FABRICS AND TENT-CLOTH: A YAK AFTER VISITING THE "BARBER."



CARRYING 200 CATTIES (70 LB.) OF TEA INTO TIBET: A CHINESE COOLIE HEAVILY LADEN.



SHOWING THEIR LONG SILKY HAIR UNSHORN, AND THE TYPE OF SADDLE USED: A YAK CARAVAN WAITING TO BE LOADED IN TIBET.

SUPERSTITION, PRIMITIVE CUSTOMS, AND PERILOUS TRAVEL.

SUPPLIED BY MR. O. A. ROSEBORO, OF CHICAGO.



AND TIBETAN PRAYER-FLAGS: FRONTIER BETWEEN CHINA AND TIBET.



CARRIED IN PALANQUINS BY BAREFOOT CHINESE COOLIES: PROBABLY SOME OFFICIAL OR LADY TRAVELLING AMONG THE CLOUD-CAPPED MOUNTAINS.



WHERE THE DEAD ARE BURIED IN A SITTING POSTURE, LIKE THAT OF BUDDHA: A TIBETAN TOMB (UNCOMMON, AS MOST BODIES ARE LEFT EXPOSED TO VULTURES).



DESIGNED TO KEEP OUT ROBBERS: A HIGH, WINDOWLESS HOUSE IN THE "BAD LANDS."



CONSISTING OF ONE LARGE ROOM, IN WHICH ALL THE PEOPLE AND ANIMALS SLEEP, FOR SAFETY: AN INN IN A ROBBER-INFESTED DISTRICT OF TIBET.



WITH HIS HORSE TRUSSSED TO THE ROPE, AND PULLING IT AND HIMSELF ALONG IT: A TIBETAN CROSSING THE MEKONG ON A ROPE-BRIDGE.



MADE OF YAK HIDE: A TYPICAL TENT OF NOMADS, WHO SEEK THE HILLS IN SUMMER, AND VALLEYS IN WINTER, TO GRAZE THEIR HERDS.



WHERE A FALSE STEP MEANS DEATH: A PERILOUS CORNER ON A MOUNTAIN ROAD.



FROM A LAMASERY AT DRAYA DESTROYED BY CHINESE, WHO SCALDED TIBETANS TO DEATH IN IT: A LARGE TEA-CAULDRON.

The remarkable photographs of Tibet given above and on a succeeding page were taken by the late Dr. A. L. Shelton, who was for seventeen years a medical missionary at Batang, near the Sino-Tibetan border. We greatly regret to record that he was recently killed by Tibetan bandits, leaving a wife and daughters, now in California, in straitened circumstances. In an illustrated article of deep interest which he had lately contributed to the American "National Geographic Magazine," of Washington, he writes: "Tibet has existed for centuries behind the world's greatest rampart of mountains, inhospitable to the knocking of ideas more modern than its own. Of all the great forces that have moulded the outside world, only Buddhism has left its impress behind Tibet's towering border, and even that force has been almost swallowed up in devil-worship." Later, however, Dr. Shelton says: "The Tibetans have been making great strides in the last few years, especially since the Younghusband Expedition in 1904 and 1905. Far from making them antagonistic to Westerners, this contact

with the outer world has done more to break down prejudice and to give them a thirst for knowledge than all previous events in their circumscribed kingdom. The treatment accorded the prisoners and populace by that expedition have become renowned all over Tibet." The lamas (Tibetan Buddhist monks or priests) form fully one seventh of the whole population, and own much property. In the Batang territory there has been much strife between the Tibetans and Chinese soldiers. The tea-cauldron shown in the last photograph was taken from the Lamasery at Draya, which was destroyed by Chinese. It was hauled out into the village and filled with cold water, after which Tibetans were caught and tied and thrown into it. Fire was built below and the water heated until the Tibetans were scalded to death. Dr. Shelton, upon his arrival at Draya, put a stop to this brutality by threatening the Chinese General with similar treatment. Districts infested by robbers are known as the "bad lands." Houses there are specially designed for security.

The Best of the Book

GLIDER, BALLOON, DIRIGIBLE, FIGHTING-AEROPLANE: SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S RECORD.*

MAN'S essays at flight—mythical, fantastic, and practical—have provided matter for wonder and dispute ever since the "featherless biped" first showed envy of the birds and sought to emulate their soaring. Yet, so spasmodic has been the interest that even the thorough "Dictionary of National Biography," plus its Supplement, dealing with the great ones of this country up to the day on which King George V. came to the throne of his fathers, fails to mention Sir George Cayley, the Father of British Aeronautics, a country gentleman, born in 1773, who invented both an airship and an aeroplane, and laid just stress on the importance of motive power for successful flight. Nor does it concern itself with John Stringfellow, manufacturer of lace machinery at Chard, who, in 1848, was responsible for the first engine-driven aeroplane that ever flew through the air. Nor does it print the names of Francis Herbert Wenham, "whose classic treatise on Aerial Locomotion, read at the first meeting of the Aeronautical Society in 1866, expounds almost every principle on which modern aviation is founded; nor of James Glaisher, who, in 1862, made the highest recorded balloon ascent; nor of Percy Sinclair Pilcher, who lost his life in experimenting with one of his own gliders in 1899. These men attracted little enough notice in their own day, and were regarded as amiable eccentrics; but they all thought long and hard on aerial navigation, and step by step, at their own costs, they brought it nearer to accomplishment."

It was much the same with the later pioneers, the immediate forerunners of the bird-men of the present—the Wrights, Santos Dumont, the Voisins, Farman, Blériot, Grahame-White, Glenn Curtiss, Cody, A. V. Roe, Sopwith, de Havilland, the Shorts, Charles Rolls, and the rest. They, too, were looked upon either as "freaks" or as charlatans—at the best as "acrobats."

Mr. Roe, early in 1909, had much trouble with the powers that be at Lea Marshes, who employed a bailiff to watch him and prevent his flying! "It was some time before the bailiff caught him in the act of preparing to fly, but he was caught at last, and police-court proceedings were instituted. Just at that time Blériot flew the Channel, and the case was dropped." A year afterwards, Lt. Lancelot Gibbs, arranging to give an exhibition of flight at Durango, near Bilbao, was stoned and nearly knifed because his machine, late in arriving, thanks to the Spanish railways, needed more time to "tune" than could be tolerated by an impatient, ignorant crowd shouting "Down with Science! Long live Religion!"

But they persisted, these forerunners, studying the bird and the insect, the vices and the virtues of gliders of all sorts, the balloon, dirigible and non-dirigible, the tricks of engine machines, the dangerous vagaries of the currents of the air, the risks of "pockets," the falling of the leaves; and living only for the fulfilment of their dreams. Even as recently as 1911—England being late, as usual—the flying side of Brooklands was a weird as well as a wonderful thing. "A whole village of sheds had grown up. Most of the tenants were men of means, but they spent so much money on their experiments that they had very little left for the amenities of life. Mr. C. G. Grey remembers men, the possessors of comfortable incomes, who lived for years on thirty or forty shillings a week, and spent the

rest on their aeroplanes. It was a society like the early Christians: it practised fellowship and community of goods. To the eyes of a casual visitor there was no apparent difference between the owner of an aeroplane and his mechanics; all alike lived in overalls, except in hot weather, when overalls gave place to pyjamas." Had they known the saying, they would have answered questioners as did Benjamin Franklin, who, when asked, "What is the use of balloons?" replied, "What is the use of a new-born infant?"

To such far-sighted men as these England owes everything of her air sense and her air craft; just as they, in their turn, owed much to the theories, the failures, and the triumphs of those who had gone before them in their own country and across the seas. Their labours came to fruition when Plague, War, Famine, and Death—the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse—rode again during the Great War.

When hostilities broke out in that fateful August, the Royal Flying Corps, little but good, took the field at once. It consisted of Headquarters; Aeroplane Squadrons Nos. 2, 3, 4, and 5; and an Aircraft Park. The Aircraft Park numbered 12 officers and

when the mobilised military air force of the British Empire—five officers—flew adventurously from Larkhill to Oxford, and, maps being for the most part supplied by the officers themselves, Lieutenant Conner steered himself successfully by the aid of a map torn out of a "Bradshaw."

Thus it will be seen that, having in our customary manner allowed other people and other peoples to experiment for us, we began in due course officially to move; and, fortunately, our luck held—we were just in time.

The Royal Flying Corps and the Royal Naval Air Service had been hard at it for some years before 1914, their enthusiasm never damped by the cold water of economy administered by officialdom. Experiment followed experiment with craft lighter than air and heavier; construction improved; pilots and mechanics became more efficient.

Then, on the very crest of effort, came the war—and, out of it, the most "miraculous" advance any new science has known. It was a case of forced marches. The enemy were for ever getting stronger in the air: the Allies had to beat them. They did so; but the fortunes of battle swayed this way and that.

The powers and duties of the flying men over sea and land increased almost hourly—reconnaissance; "spotting" for the artillery and directing their fire by wireless; taking the photographs for those invaluable mosaic maps of Hunland; blinding the enemy by destroying his flying "eyes"; sweeping trenches and the ranks of advancing infantry with machine-gun fire; seeking submarines and other hostile craft; now and again dropping "innocents" abroad behind the lines and picking them up again when they had found out what they wanted; and bomb-dropping: these were some. And of the bombing it is noted: "It was only the coming of the Armistice that saved mankind from a hurricane of slaughter. In 1914 a few small bombs were carried by officers into the air, and were gingerly dropped over the side of the machine. Accuracy of aim was impossible. In the large modern bombing-machine the heavier bombs weigh almost three-quarters of a ton; they

are mechanically released from the rack on which they are hung, and when the machine is flying level, at a known pace and height, good practice can be made, by the aid of an adjustable instrument, on any target."

To think that when the Wrights were at their beginnings, none, save a few intimates and disciples, believed in their achievements! "The American Government would not touch their invention. When it was thrice offered to the British Government, between the years 1906 and 1908, it was thrice refused, twice by the War Office and once by the Admiralty. . . . The French Government would not buy. . . ."

With all these things—from the very earliest theories of human flight to the epoch-making doings of the naval and military airmen of the war—the late Sir Walter Raleigh was concerned when writing the first volume of "The War in the Air," a learned and lucid exposition of imagination and daring; a work of tribute that does infinite credit to an author whose loss we mourn the more after having read this his contribution to the official history of the most terrible fighting the world has known in all its years of bloodshed. If the remaining records are to be like this, none will grudge the labour and the expense that go to their making. Emphatically, the volume should be on the bookshelves of everyone with any pretence to the possession of a library.

E. H. G.



A MENACE TO THE LARGEST BATTLESHIP AFLOAT: A BRITISH TORPEDO AIRCRAFT LAUNCHING ITS WEAPON.

In "The War in the Air" it is written: "In any future war there can be no doubt that torpedo aircraft will prove to be a weapon of enormous power . . . they will be a menace to the largest battleship afloat. They have double the speed of a destroyer. . . . The technical difficulties connected with the release and aiming of the torpedo have been met and conquered."—[Crown Copyright.]

162 other ranks; with 4 motor-cycles and 24 aeroplanes in cases. It actually took 20 machines to France—4 in cases: the remainder flown over by spare pilots. The squadrons flew over; with one fatal crash and several accidents. Up to the eve of Mons, the total officers engaged were about 105—the first organised force to fly to a war overseas. With them were 755 other ranks, 63 aeroplanes, and 95 mechanical transport vehicles. At home remained 41 officers, 23 mechanical transport vehicles, and 116 aeroplanes, most of the last-named existing only on paper: in fact, some 20 were at the Central Flying School for purposes of training, the others were "worn out or broken, only fit for the scrap-heap."

Yet, at the opening of the Battles of the Somme, on July 1, 1916, the Royal Flying Corps held the mastery of the air, was able to impose its will on the enemy; and at the date of the Armistice it was incomparably the strongest air force in the world.

In this connection, the value of Kitchener's support was immense. He had a knack of speedy decision and of doubling estimates of the forces those under him deemed sufficient. Pilots and observers, mechanics and staff, with the necessary "groundlings," were multiplied and remultiplied until, at the time of the Armistice, we had a programme with provision for more than 200 squadrons in the field. Not for him was the state of things that existed in 1911,

* "The War in the Air; Being the Story of the Part Played in the Great War by the Royal Air Force." Vol. I. By Sir Walter Raleigh. (History of the Great War, based on official documents, by direction of the Historical Section of the Committee of Imperial Defence.—Published by the Clarendon Press, Oxford; Humphrey Milford, Publisher to the University.)

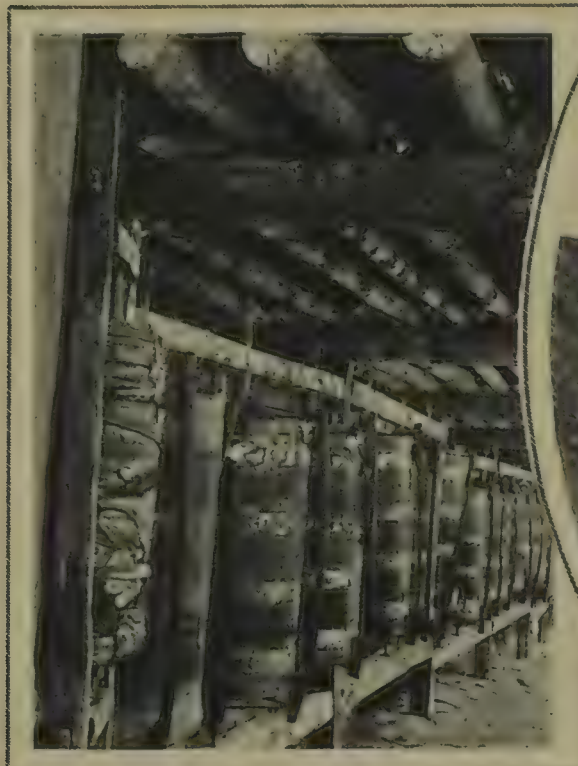
MECHANICAL PRAYER IN TIBET: WHEELS, FLAGS, AND "MANI" PILES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE LATE DR. A. L. SHELTON, MEDICAL MISSIONARY IN TIBET.



"WINDS HARNESSSED TO PRAY": PRAYER-FLAGS STRUNG ACROSS RAVINES, "PRAYING" WITH EACH MOVEMENT.

FOR PILGRIMS TO ENTER AND TURN A CYLINDER, TO OBTAIN "MERIT": A WAYSIDE PRAYER-HOUSE IN TIBET.



WHERE THE FAITHFUL ACQUIRE MERIT BY TURNING THE CYLINDERS: PRAYER-WHEELS ON PIVOTS.

STONES CARVED WITH THE MYSTIC FORMULA, "OM MANI PADME HUM": A "MANI" PILE.

SELLING "MILLIONS OF PRAYERS A MINUTE" BY TURNING IT: A LAMA WITH A PRAYER-CYLINDER.



TRIBUTES TO TIBETAN GODS FOR PROTECTION FROM DEVILS: "MANI" PILES ALONG THE APPROACH TO A DANGEROUS PASS.

INSCRIBED "OM MANI PADME HUM" (OH, JEWEL IN THE LOTUS), IN REVERENCE FOR THE DALAI LAMA: STONES CARVED BY LAMAS.

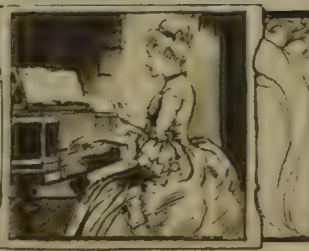
In Tibet prayer is offered up largely by mechanical means. Writing in the American "National Geographic Magazine" of Washington, the late Dr. A. L. Shelton, who took the above photographs, says of the magic formula, "Om Mani Padme Hum": "The most generally accepted translation is 'Oh, Jewel in the Lotus!' indicating an expression of reverence for the Dalai Lama. The lotus flower is symbolic of heaven, of heavenly birth. . . . This sacred combination of sounds is said thousands of times a day by the faithful, as they go about their work. Often it is counted off on strings of beads. The Tibetan

Buddhists believe that there is merit in 'repeating' this magic formula mechanically. Accordingly it is written on yards and yards of paper which are placed in prayer-wheels. In most cases these wheels are twirled by the hands of worshippers, but they construct what might be termed power prayer-wheels operated by water. The very winds are harnessed to pray for the Tibetans, for the mystic phrase is written upon thousands of flags, which are strung upon poles and ropes. Windmills connected to prayer-wheels carry the mechanical prayer still further. The sacred words are even carved on stones."



THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

By E. J. DENT.



THE SALZBURG FESTIVAL.

SALZBURG having been the birthplace of Mozart, many people in England were under the impression that the musical festival held there this summer would be first and foremost a Mozart festival. To some extent it has been so; at any rate, four Mozart operas have been performed, and a few Mozart concerts have taken place. But the festival has included two other entertainments which have, as a matter of fact, thrown Mozart rather into the background. The official festival was preceded by another one organised quite independently by a group of young Viennese composers. They had the admirable idea—initiated originally by a Serbian composer living in Vienna, Dr. Rudolf Réti—of arranging seven concerts of ultra-modern chamber music by composers of various nationalities. It made a very strenuous week, both musically and socially; there were seven concerts in five days, and various informal meetings, as well as a formal international general meeting at which it was resolved to organise a regular international society to carry on annual festivals of modern chamber music. For the present it is intended that they should continue to take place at Salzburg, though for the central organisation of the society London was chosen. At the concerts English music was represented by Arthur Bliss, Percy Grainger (though on this occasion assigned to America), and a large group of English songs sung by Miss Dorothy Moulton. Dame Ethel Smyth was also present, and a short work of hers was added to the programme by way of tribute to her position in the world of music and her friendly and lively interest in the work of the younger generation. Strauss and Schönberg were similarly honoured. France contributed music by some of "Les Six"; Italy was represented by Pizzetti, Malipiero and Castelnuovo-Tedesco; Spain by Manuel de Falla; Hungary by Béla Bartók. All these composers are well known in London, but were very unfamiliar to German and Austrian audiences. On the other hand, Western listeners knew little of Willem Pijper (Holland), and the numerous German and Viennese composers. The concerts, even if they recalled Ferdinand's observation, "There be some sports are painful," gave a singularly interesting general survey of contemporary music, its differences and its similarities; and from a human point of view the friendly personal intercourse between young musicians of various nationalities was not without political significance.

The other attraction, in addition to the Mozart operas, was the so-called "Great Theatre of the World." Max Reinhardt, the inventor of "The Miracle," which some English readers may remember, has never relaxed his pursuit of the grandiose and colossal in the art of the theatre. During the war he succeeded in transforming an old circus building in Berlin into an enormous theatre, and he found a certain number of disciples who took up with great ardour the idea of a modern theatre that should present plays of more or less religious character to vast audiences such as used to assemble to witness the drama of ancient Greece. The "Grosses Schauspielhaus" at Berlin has been generally regarded as an artistic failure. For a few plays, such as "Everyman," it may be suitable; but when once the novelty had worn off, it became clear that the theatre had not been built for plays, but that plays had to be distorted for the sake of the theatre. Reinhardt left Berlin and set himself up in Salzburg, where he has acquired the palace of Leopoldskron. Leopoldskron is a huge building, erected in 1736 by one of the Prince-Archbishops of Salzburg. Two years ago it was almost ruinous: Reinhardt employed an army of scene-painters to restore it, and it is now an

incredibly sumptuous example of eighteenth-century architecture and decoration. Not far off is another specimen of archiepiscopal extravagance, the palace of Hellbrunn, with fountains and waterworks, an open-air theatre in the garden, and a mechanical marionette theatre indoors. It was in the park of Hellbrunn that the present Archbishop of Salzburg the other day laid the foundation-stone of a third theatre—the "Great Theatre of the World." The model and plans for it, by Hans Poelzig, the architect of the Grosses Schauspielhaus at Berlin, were shown



MARKING THE "SACRED WAY" FROM BAR-LE-DUC TO VERDUN: M. POINCARÉ LAYING THE FIRST "MILESTONE."

at the Exhibition of the Theatre at South Kensington this summer. An American lady is said to have contributed liberally towards its construction, but the general feeling at Salzburg has been somewhat sceptical as to its ultimate execution. Meanwhile, Reinhardt has been producing his festival plays elsewhere. Last year "Everyman" was acted in the

piece of baroque architecture, to the restoration of which the profits are to be devoted. The play, which bears the title of "Das Salzburger Grosse Welttheater" (the Salzburg Great Theatre of the World), is by Hugo von Hoffmannsthal, who has taken the main idea from a play by Calderon. The World, represented by Anne von Bahr-Mildenburg, is bidden by the Master to perform a play; the actors are disembodied souls, who assume the characters of a king, a rich man, a peasant, and a beggar, with the addition of Beauty and Wisdom; the Devil prompts, and Death is stage-manager. The play ends with a Dance of Death imitated from old German frescoes and wood-cuts. The performance was a marvel of production. All possible effects were exploited—the church bells, the organ, trombones in transepts, angels in galleries; the fading daylight merged imperceptibly into the ingenious artificial lighting. The leading actors from Vienna and Berlin took part. Yet the play left most people cold. It was too obviously insincere; the play itself, which is a work of genuine literary beauty, disappeared behind the galaxy of theatrical stars and the ingenuities of Reinhardt's production. The incidental music was faultlessly contrived to come in at the right moment, but was paltry and trivial in quality. The one really impressive moment was the Dance of Death, accompanied only by the beating of drums.

The Mozart performances were at least honest, but hardly up to the standard of a festival. There was no reason why anyone should have taken the journey from Vienna to Salzburg to see four operas given by the artists of the State Opera in the usual conventional style that prevails there. Any German opera-house of the first-class could have given equally good representations of "Seraglio," "Figaro," "Don Juan," and "Cosi Fan Tutte." The first two were conducted by Schalk, the latter two by Strauss. "Cosi Fan Tutte" was by far the best. Strauss has a peculiar devotion for it, going back to his Munich days twenty-five years ago. He succeeded in inspiring the whole performance with something of his own intelligence, for he is one of the very few musicians in Germany who really understand this opera, and enter completely into the spirit of it. To hear him accompany the recitatives on the pianoforte was a perpetual joy. "Don Juan" was utterly undistinguished; the singing coarse, the

scenery ugly, the acting wretched. The final sextet was omitted, though it was always sung at Munich in those old days when Strauss conducted there. Don Juan was not even allowed a real mandoline to accompany his serenade: it was played *pizzicato* on a violin, as it might be at any second-rate provincial theatre. If Mozart's operas are to be given at Salzburg at prices which only foreigners can afford, they ought to be given in a style that one can see nowhere else. For instance, it could have been worth while travelling to Salzburg to see the three Italian operas given in Italian, and the Italian architecture of Salzburg would have formed an appropriate background. The standard of singing was very variable; as usual in Germany, the women were better than the men. Selma Kurz, as Constanze in "Seraglio," showed what finished technique can do to preserve a voice; Elisabeth Schumann was excellent as Susanna and Despina. Of the men the best were Jerger as Figaro and Duhan as Count Almaviva; both of them sing Don Juan, but neither succeeds very well in that role. The operas and the "World Theatre" were well

advertised and managed, but were mediocre as artistic productions. The week of modern chamber music was ludicrously ill-organised; but, for all that, it was an event of international importance.



DELIVERING HIS ADDRESS AFTER LAYING THE FIRST MILESTONE OF THE "SACRED WAY": M. POINCARÉ AT BAR-LE-DUC.

M. Poincaré, the French Premier, laid the first "milestone" (kilometre stone) of those which are to mark the Voie Sacrée (Sacred Way) along which French troops and supplies passed from Bar-le-Duc to Verdun during the famous defence of Verdun in the war. M. Poincaré was sixty-two on August 20, and spent his birthday among his own people in the Department of the Meuse, where he was born. He motored from Bar-le-Duc to Triaucourt to unveil another war memorial there.—[Photographs by Topical.]

cathedral square, the façade of the cathedral with its flanking colonnades serving to enclose the stage. This year he has obtained the use of the University Church (Collegienkirche, built 1696-1707), a magnificent

THE LAST EUROPEAN BISON: A SPECIES PRACTICALLY EXTINCT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MAX STECKEL, KATTOWITZ.



BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN PRACTICALLY EXTERMINATED SINCE 1918: ONE OF THE LAST HERDS OF EUROPEAN BISON, IN THE FORESTS OF UPPER SILESIA, ON THE ESTATES OF THE PRINCE OF PLESS, AT JANKOWITZ.



SMALLER IN THE WITHERS HUMP AND MUCH LESS FURRY THAN THE AMERICAN VARIETY: AN OLD MALE BISON OF THE HERD, NOW ALMOST EXTINCT, WHICH FORMERLY ROAMED THE FORESTS OF UPPER SILESIA.

In the Stone Age bison abounded in Europe between the Rhine and the Pyrenees, as we know from prehistoric drawings found in caves of South-Western France, and the race survived in certain regions until quite recently. Since the war and the Bolshevik revolution in Russia, however, it is said to have been practically exterminated. According to Mr. Theodore Ahrens, of the Zoological Society of New York, bison were numerous in East Prussia up to the eighteenth century. The last was killed in 1755, and in 1768 they died out in Brandenburg. Herds survived in the vast Lithuanian forests near Grodno, preserved by the Kings of

Poland and later by the Tsars of Russia, who organised hunts in 1860, 1897, and 1900. In July 1914 their numbers had been reduced by disease to 727. During the first months of the late war they were decimated, and when the German Army occupied Lithuania, there remained only 160 head. The Bolsheviks would not preserve animals that had belonged to the Emperors, and the herd has since been exterminated. The same fate befell the bison of the Caucasus. In Upper Silesia the Prince of Pless kept another herd, now also nearly extinct. It is illustrated above and on the succeeding double-page, where further details are given.

EXTERMINATED BY WAR AND BOLSHEVISM: EUROPEAN BISON—LAST DESCENDANTS OF A STONE AGE RACE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MAX STECKEL, KATTOWITZ.



WHERE A "SHOOT" WAS ONCE ARRANGED FOR THE EX-KAISER: A PAIR OF EUROPEAN BISON, WITH THEIR CALF, IN THE FOREST OF KATTOWITZ, IN UPPER SILESIA.

European bison, as a race of wild animals, have become extinct since the war and the Bolshevik revolution in Russia, although a few specimens may survive in Upper Silesia, and in various menageries of Europe and America. Regarding the illustrations above and on the preceding page, a French writer says, citing an article by Mr. Theodor Ahrens in the *New York Zoological Society Bulletin*: "A herd was formed in Upper Silesia on the immense estates of the Prince of Pless, to whom Tsar Alexander II. had given, in 1864, a bull and three cows. In 1918 it numbered 60 head. Mr. Ahrens fears that the whole herd has since been exterminated. This is confirmed by a recent communication from Kattowitz, sent with the accompanying photographs, which were taken by M. Max Steckel before the massacre. There only remained of the Upper Silesian herd two cows and a few calves. The Prince of Pless used to organise bison shoots from time to time, and on one occasion the ex-Kaiser, hidden behind foliage on a platform, had a shot at the biggest bull, driven towards him by beaters.

The last hunt took place during the war. The animals were completely wild and savage. The bulls would attack pedestrians and frequently upset vehicles. A fourth herd of 50 head still existed in 1917 at Ascania Nova, north of the Crimea, on an estate belonging to a German noble. Precise information as to this herd is lacking, but it has probably also been killed off. The extinction of the species appears to be an accomplished fact. According to M. Hagenbeck, the survivors number 17, of whom 5 (plus 2 calves born last June) are in the Jardin des Plantes at Budapest." The European bison differs in certain details from the American bison, the withers hump at the back of the neck being much smaller and the fur much less abundant. Thanks largely to the efforts of Dr. William T. Hornaday, Director of the Zoological Park of New York, who founded a league for their protection, there are still 7360 head of American bison surviving. In 1871 there were millions of them, but by 1889 they had been reduced by slaughter to 1091, including 256 in captivity.

THE CITY OF PERFUME.

EVEN the least sensitive traveller is charmed by the magic of perfume as he takes his first step across the railway station at Grasse. The waves of sweetness which greet the visitor, and never cease to soothe him throughout his sojourn among the flower-clad hills, are wafted from the thousands of cases which

roses intact on the floors of the large, light rooms, where the workers stack them up, turning them over with long, picturesque forks, to prevent any danger of fermentation, which would cause the flowers to perish. It is a dazzling sight to look at the long sorting-rooms, where the workers, literally submerged in a flood of roses, strip the few stalks and leaves overlooked by the hurried gatherers, and remove the stamens, which would spoil the scent, leaving only the perfume-bearing calyx, petals and pistil.

Several processes are employed in order to obtain the rose and orange-flower essences in all their strength and purity. Some are ancient and others modern. Distillation, maceration in fatty substances, and maceration in spirit solvents are the methods, and sometimes both are used for the same flower. For distillation, the flowers are placed in the cauldron with a sufficient quantity of water to cover

them completely. The resulting products are, for the orange, *Essence de Néroli*, which is the basis of all *Eau de Cologne* and orange-flower water; and for the rose, *attar-of-roses* and rose-water. A kilo (about 2 lb. 3 oz.) of flowers is required to make a litre (about 1 4-5th pint, or nearly a quart) of orange-flower water; and 1000 kilos (about 2202 lb., or nearly a ton) for a kilo of *Essence de Néroli*—sometimes 1½ kilos are obtainable on hot days, as the flowers become more perfumed and contain more oil essence under the caress of an ardent sun. Good rose-water requires a kilo of flowers for a kilo of water; while, in order to get a kilo of *attar-of-roses*, some 5000 kilos of flowers are required—a fact which explains the high price of the perfume.

Another ancient method is the maceration in fatty substances, or the making of pomades. This is carried out by placing the flowers in contact with purified fat, or olive-oil, to absorb the perfume. The fat is melted in a *bain-marie* (a vessel immersed in boiling water), and a certain number of flowers are plunged into this. They must be renewed several times, until the fat is saturated with the perfume (3 to 4 kilos of flowers per kilo of fat is the percentage for orange-flowers, and 6 to 7 for roses). After maceration in the fat, the flowers are mashed with wooden spatulas in great cauldrons, and finally the almost exhausted blossoms are passed under hydraulic presses to remove the small quantity of perfumed oil they still contain. The pomade thus obtained is kneaded and washed several times in alcohol, which, dissolving and capturing the perfume, leaves the fat entirely scentless, and becomes, after filtering and cooling, the pure extract of orange-flowers and *attar-of-roses*.

The newest and most practical process for scent-extraction is the method of drawing out the perfume by purified petrol vapour. This process, invented by Robiquet, and perfected by Massignon-Chisis, is daily becoming more general, and will finally replace the other methods. The flowers are first pounded, and the little oil globules which imprison their scent being thus crushed, the perfume is put in direct contact with the petrol vapour in machines called extractors. The flowers remain there for eight hours, when the

vapour is distilled and leaves an odorous wax which after various processes, becomes ready for sale as solid essence.

Though the methods described above are applicable to most flowers, and though some blossoms, frail as beautiful, succumb at once and, like the rose and the orange-flower, offer their sweetness prodigally, there are others which have to be conquered by cunning, such as the jasmine and the tuberose, which will only abandon their scent in the last resort, while a few flowers, still prouder, side with the capricious honeysuckle and refuse entirely to yield to any process invented by the perfumer's skill. Nothing is more interesting than the determined struggle with which the experts in scent-manufacture seek to win Nature's secrets from her.

Jasmine and tuberose cannot be treated by distillation, because they contain only a small quantity of essence, nor by maceration in fat, nor by spirit solvents. In using the last two methods, not only would the perfume be spoilt, but it would be incomplete. The delicate jasmine, stifled by the first contact with hot grease, or brutally suffocated by petrol vapour, would carry away with her the most exquisite part of her soul.

Quite different is the process of *enfleurage à froid*, which utilises the survival of the flower after picking. The freshly cut blossoms are placed in trays with glass bottoms smeared with grease. These trays fit into each other. Faded flowers are replaced every forty-eight hours. During the time the flower lies in the tray, the grease slowly absorbs its perfume, so it has the time to give out all the sweetness it contains. Thus in its slow agony the jasmine exhales its soul, and the fat which draws in each breath of sweetness faithfully retains the virginal perfume. Jasmine pomade, which is the result, is then washed in alcohol to produce the scent. The amount of essence extracted from a kilo of jasmine or tuberose pomade (which has required 2 kilos 500 grammes of flowers) is 7½ grammes. The essence thus obtained is very strong, but, though it has a subtle scent, it does not give the absolutely perfect aroma of the jasmine.

To give some idea of the size of the scent industry in Grasse, it is worth quoting the following figures of the amount of flowers gathered in a year: roses head the list with 1,900,000 kilos (about 1867 tons); orange-blossoms amount to 1,500,000 kilos (about 1474 tons), the same figure as jasmine; while tuberose reach 40,000 kilos, Parma violets 10,000 kilos, and the other flowers are in proportion.

Thousands of tons of mint, thyme, lavender, rosemary, and other herbs, which are distilled



IN GLASS TRAYS SMEARED WITH GREASE: MAKING JASMINE POMADE BY THE PROCESS OF ENFLEURAGE À FROID.

lie waiting to carry the fame of one of the chief luxury trades of France to every quarter of the globe.

Grasse is the world's greatest centre for the manufacture of scent. Everything in the district celebrates the lovely industry; everyone lives by it; the perfume of flowers is the reigning sovereign of the country. Heavenly odours surround you and accompany you everywhere. You climb up the steps which pave the narrow alleys of the town (each bears a charming name: Rue de la Rêve Vieille, Rue de la Fontette, and so on), and you realise that these streets, flecked with golden sunlight and deep shadow, are sordid and yet magnificent. To look at them you would think that they must exhale the foul breath of overcrowded towns, yet, as you pass, at every moment from some dark doorway the sweetest and most inexplicable breath of tuberose or jasmine drifts into your nostrils.

From March to May, under the delicate shadow-mosaic of the olive-trees, the first gem-like blossoms begin to flower—sweet-scented amethyst and topaz, violets, narcissuses, and jonquils.

May heralds the royal season of roses and orange-blossom. On the slopes, set with silver olive-trees and bronze-hued cypresses, the rose-trees stand in ordered lines, the blossom covering them so thickly that one cannot see the foliage. Nothing but roses is visible. No one who has not seen Grasse in rose-time can realise the gay smile with which such an adornment of blossom and such an atmosphere of perfume can invest this country of solemn hills sloping towards the sea. It is not only in the fields or in the little estates where roses are specially cultivated that the glorious flower-faces smile at you, and that their mysterious soul, the perfume, caresses you and bids you pause; they are everywhere, at each turn of the road, on every grey, sun-bleached wall; at every moment you pause to adore them and to inhale their scent.

Fragonard, whose delicate personality pervades this country, was but a realist when he hung swathes of pearly blossom round the dark cypress, or stretched his brilliant festoons of roses, flashing like rockets, from tree to tree.

In the same month that the roses are displaying their red splendour, one sees the sweet and bitter orange trees begin to cover themselves with snowy stars. They stand on the terraces looking so neat and round and green that one might imagine them to be toy bushes from some Noah's Ark.

Every morning loaded wagons deliver the daily harvest, which has been centralised by the Commissioners of Flowers, at the Grasse factories. The amount of roses supplied to one factory alone often exceeds 20,000 kilos (nearly 20 tons) daily.

The bulging sacks disclose a wonderful feast of colour as they discharge their precious burden of



"UNDER THE DELICATE SHADOW-MOSAIC OF THE OLIVE-TREES": GATHERING VIOLETS AT GRASSE.

in the gardens on the mountains as they are picked, are also among the Grasse perfumes, and during the dead season work takes place on dry plants, gums and sweet woods, Dalmatian oak moss, sandalwood, incense, patchouli, and so on. Grasse concentrates in its factories the aromatic treasures of the world, and there is no country or colony in which it is not represented by its agents, with nostrils keenly alert to serve its interests.

LAVENDER AND ORANGE-BLOSSOM: OPEN-AIR DISTILLATION; GATHERING.



AN OPEN-AIR DISTILLERY OF LAVENDER-WATER AMONG THE HILLS NEAR GRASSE: A BRANCH OF THE PERFUME INDUSTRY IN WHICH THOUSANDS OF TONS OF LAVENDER ARE USED EVERY YEAR.



A FLOWER OF WHICH 1474 TONS ARE USED ANNUALLY IN THE GRASSE FACTORIES: GATHERING ORANGE-BLOSSOMS FOR MAKING ESSENCE DE NÉROLI (THE BASIS OF EAU DE COLOGNE) AND ORANGE-FLOWER WATER.

Grasse, once a favourite resort of Queen Victoria, lies in the Alpes Maritimes, a few miles inland from the Riviera coast between Cannes and Nice. As described in the article on the opposite page, it is the world's greatest centre of perfume manufacture, and the surrounding region is devoted to the cultivation of various kinds of flowers. Among others, thousands of tons of lavender, mint, geraniums, Alpine flowers, thyme and rosemary are distilled in the open air where they are grown among the mountains. A typical lavender distillery is shown in the upper

photograph. The lower one illustrates the gathering of orange-blossoms in May, when "one sees the sweet and bitter orange trees begin to cover themselves with snowy stars. They stand on the terraces looking so neat and round and green, that one might imagine them to be toy bushes from some Noah's Ark." They are used in enormous quantities for the production of Essence de Néroli (the basis of all Eau de Cologne) and orange-flower water. The amount of orange-blossom used annually in the Grasse perfumeries is about 1474 tons.

GRASSE—PERFUME-SUPPLIER TO THE WORLD: TUBEROSES AND ROSES.

DRAWINGS BY ETIENNE COURNAULT.



THE HARVEST OF THE FLOWERS: GATHERING TUBEROSES, OF WHICH SOME FORTY TONS ARE PICKED EVERY YEAR FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF PERFUME, IN THE FIELDS NEAR GRASSE.



"LITERALLY SUBMERGED IN A FLOOD OF ROSES": WORKERS IN A SORTING-ROOM AT A GRASSE PERFUMERY, SEPARATING THE SCENT-BEARING PORTIONS OF THE FLOWERS FROM THE REST.

Roses are the principal flowers grown at Grasse for the making of scent, about 1867 tons being gathered every year. Orange-blossoms and jasmine come next, with some 1474 tons each, and after them tuberoses, of which 39 tons are used annually. During the rose-harvest season in May, huge quantities of blossoms are delivered daily in loaded wagons at the perfumeries, one factory alone often receiving nearly 80 tons a day. To quote our article on a previous page, "The bulging sacks disclose a wonderful feast of colour as they discharge their precious

burden of roses intact on the floors of the large, light rooms where the workers stack them up, turning them over with long, picturesque forks, to prevent any danger of fermentation, which would cause the flowers to perish. It is a dazzling sight to look at the long sorting-rooms where the workers, literally submerged in a flood of roses, strip the few stalks and leaves overlooked by the hurried gatherers, and remove the stamens that would spoil the scent, leaving only the perfume-bearing calyx, petals, and pistil."—[Drawings Copyrighted in the U.S. and Canada.]

EXTRACTING THE FLOWER'S FRAGRANT SOUL: THE MAKING OF SCENT.

DRAWINGS BY ETIENNE COURNAULT.



SHOWING THE STILLS (ON LEFT) AND (RIGHT FOREGROUND) AN OVERSEER FINDING THE FREEZING POINT OF AN ANETHOL PRODUCED FROM ANISEED: AT WORK IN A GRASSE PERFUMERY.



EXTRACTING ATTAR-OF-ROSES BY THE ANCIENT POMADE METHOD: WORKERS IN A GRASSE PERFUMERY STIRRING ROSES MIXED WITH PURIFIED FAT IN GREAT CAULDRONS, WITH WOODEN SPATULAS.

The various processes used for the production of scent in the perfumeries of Grasse are described in our article on a previous page. Besides distillation, there is an ancient method of maceration in fatty substances, for the making of pomades. "This is carried out by placing the flowers in contact with purified fat, or olive oil, to absorb the perfume. The fat is melted in a *bain-marie* (a vessel immersed in boiling water), and a certain number of flowers are plunged into this. They must be renewed several times. . . . After maceration in the fat, the flowers are

mashed with wooden spatulas in great cauldrons, and finally the 'almost exhausted blossoms are passed under hydraulic presses to remove the small quantity of perfumed oil they still contain. The pomade thus obtained is kneaded and washed several times in alcohol, which, dissolving and capturing the perfume, leaves the fat entirely scentless, and becomes, after filtering and cooling, the pure extract of orange-flowers and attar-of-roses." Part of this process is shown in the lower illustration.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

STEVENSON, in his essay, "Old Mortality," speaks of the emotion with which in youth he pored on the names of the forgotten in Greyfriars Churchyard. He calls them variously "the regiment of the unknown" and "the crew of the silenced," falling, as was his habit, into the military or the naval metaphor. Of all the mute departed there was one only of whom his fancy had received a picture among that company of phantom appellations; but in the case of David Hume he found that "the memory of a painted picture and what we call the immortality of a name was hardly more desirable than mere oblivion."

"R. L. S." confessed that his mood was more than a trifle brainsick. Books, he said, were the proper remedy: "books of vivid human import, forcing upon the mind the issues, pleasures, busyness, importance and immediacy of that life in which they stand; books of smiling and heroic temper . . . books of a large design, shadowing the complexity of that game of consequences to which we all sit down, the hanger-back not least." A book of this remedial sort, now before me, is in several ways germane to these reflections. It rescues from neglect the name of one who has barely escaped oblivion, one who has remained until now among "the crew of the silenced." "Crew" is here perfectly appropriate, for the almost forgotten hero was a sailor, a hearty, stirring character whose story Stevenson would have accounted good and tonic reading, not least because this old sea-dog began life as a pirate—possibly the only Oxford man who has openly hoisted the Jolly Roger. Raleigh of Oriel was, it is true, very much the buccaneer, but Henry Mainwaring of Brasenose (B.A., July 15, 1602), after some flirtations with the Law at the Inner Temple, and possibly some soldiering, took to the sea, and in 1613 began his career as a corsair, becoming the scourge and terror of the great Spanish carracks off Cape Sparte. Yet he was a pirate of a scrupulous and loyal spirit, who took care to assure James I. that "he fell not purposely but by mischance into these courses." Being in them, he strove to do all the service he could to the State.

His service to the State was so considerable that before long his King desired to have it regularised. Mainwaring's renown as a seaman had led his enemies, the Spaniards, to desire his help, whereupon James's advisers also had offers to make. "Without much difficulty, therefore, Mainwaring was brought to see the error of his ways and received a pardon and a knighthood."

His subsequent career is typical of the first half of the seventeenth century, and the naval history of the first two Stuarts can be written round his life, just as the history of the Elizabethan Navy centres in Drake. The fact that Mainwaring did not take to the sea until after the peace with Spain, and so lacked such opportunities of fame and distinction as fell to Drake, may account for the neglect that has obscured his name. He has no place in the Dictionary of National Biography, but that omission has now been remedied by the publication of "THE LIFE AND WORKS OF SIR HENRY MAINWARING," edited by Mr. G. E. Manwaring and Lieut.-Colonel W. G. Perrin (Two vols.; The Navy Records Society), a work interesting not only for the picture it gives of the most accomplished seaman of his time, but for the new light it throws on the naval policy of James I. and Charles I. Incidentally, Buckingham improves his reputation as a naval administrator. Although he lacked expert knowledge, he was indefatigable in the discharge of his duties as Lord High Admiral, and he knew where to go for sound advice, upon which he was always ready to act. Prominent among his advisers was Sir Henry Mainwaring, whose paper, here reprinted in full, urging the importance of Portsmouth as a naval base is very significant of the author's ability and foresight. Buckingham took the hint, and had

estimates drawn up for the construction of a dock "on Gosport side" as Sir Henry had proposed.

Equally interesting, in the light of recent discussion, is a document, prepared by Mainwaring for the Venetian Republic, advocating the importance of the "Capital Ship." The Doge and Senate were greatly impressed by the "considerations" propounded. The paper is also valuable for the information it gives about the art of gunnery and maritime warfare as it was understood by our ancestors in early Stuart days.

Inseparable from Mainwaring's life and work is the story of the dawn of our sea-power in the Mediterranean. He was brought into the affair by the Spanish plot to overthrow the Venetian Republic. Venice asked aid of James I., and this being granted, on conditions, it remained to find a suitable commander. Contarini, the Venetian Ambassador in London, wrote to the Doge the following notable testimonial—

There is here an English gentleman, a certain Captain Mainwaring, of yore a most famous pirate . . . for nautical skill, for fighting his ship, for his mode of boarding and for resisting the enemy, he is said not to have his superior in all England.

The Republic was impressed, and took steps to secure Sir Henry's services, but the appointment hung fire, although Sir Henry Wotton exerted himself in Mainwaring's interest, and Mainwaring himself gave much sound advice on the proposed expedition. The mobilisation of a British fleet, however, gave the Spaniards pause in their designs, and our ships, without leaving home waters, "proved to the world that, besides being a fighting machine, a powerful navy is also a powerful diplomatic asset." The incident closed with the Doge's thanks to Wotton and Mainwaring for their efforts on behalf of the Republic. The chance of Venetian service having vanished, it was clear that some post worthy of his acceptance must be found for him in England, and accordingly Mainwaring was appointed Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, which he held for three years. During this period he compiled his "Seaman's Dictionary," the earliest of its kind in English—a work racy of the sea, with the tang of salt water about it, and "the sound of slatting canvas" in its lines. This most delightful piece of nautical lore is reproduced in the second volume of these memoirs. The first volume, it should be noted, is edited by Mr. G. E. Manwaring alone; but the

second, which contains also Sir Henry's "Discourse on Pirates," dedicated to James I. just after that learned monarch had pardoned his piratical subject, is edited jointly by Mr. Manwaring (who is on the staff of the London Library) and Lieut.-Colonel W. G. Perrin, the Admiralty Librarian. It can hardly have escaped the notice of so eminent a classical scholar as the British Solomon that an ex-pirate's "Discourse on Pirates" is a votive offering entirely in the ancient style. It is a pleasing variation of the Lubeck captains' practice of hanging up a model of a ship in their Schiffe-haus in token of benefits received. Sir Henry, having a literary gift, made his grateful offering literary. He, who might in less happy circumstances have hung in chains at Execution Dock, instead hung up, as it were, the whole art and mystery of piracy in a treatise on its suppression, "as some oblation for my offences." Nor did he himself escape literary tributes. His old tutor, John Davies, the writing master, composed a sonnet to his— Heroic Pupil and most honour'd Friend.

A further point of purely literary interest in this book is the definite fixing, by a letter

of Mainwaring's, of 1620 as the year in which Wotton wrote his poem, "On His Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia." Writing to Zouch, Mainwaring encloses a copy of the piece, and mentions that it was written in Greenwich Park.

Mainwaring was the actual, though not the nominal, commander of the Fleet sent to bring home the Prince of Wales from Spain, after his futile wooing of the Infanta, and the account the present book gives of the voyage is the most detailed that has yet appeared. He was to be associated later with another Prince of Wales (Charles II.), who very probably received from the old commander his first lessons in seamanship.

One of the most valuable chapters is devoted to the question of the Ship-Money Fleets, with all of which, except the first, Mainwaring saw service. Complete lists of these fleets from 1635 to 1641 are here given. These, with two exceptions, are now printed for the first time. The editor shows that Charles's naval programme, which wrought him such disaster, was in itself no bad thing. Although the scheme miscarried sadly, "the benefits which Charles conferred on the country by the superior classes of ships he built and

the fleets he organised must be acknowledged by all."

Sir Henry Mainwaring held by the Stuarts to the end. He defended the last Royalist stronghold in the West, wandered in exile with the Prince of Wales, and died in poverty. His Life is a tale of adventure and of policy that forms an indispensable link in our Naval Annals. It was worth rescuing from the wallet at Time's back. Industrious research has never blinded the editors to the picturesque, the humorous, and the pathetic elements in their excellently told story.



AN ANNAMITE DECORATION FOR WOMEN: THE KIM BOI, IN GOLD.

The Emperor of Annam, Khai Dinh, bestowed several decorations on leaving France recently. The Annamite decorations are the Khanh, Boi, and Tien, with a fourth, the Bai, reserved for the four highest Mandarins. Those here shown are worn hung round the neck by a red ribbon. Attached to the medals are fringes of coloured silks with pearls and coral. The Boi medal for women was formerly in jade. The Kim Boi in gold was established, with three classes, in 1889.



AS USED SINCE 1832: THE KIM TIEN, AN ANNAMITE GOLD DECORATION.

Formerly the Tien medals were struck with various inscriptions, suitable for particular recipients. In 1832 the Emperor Minh Mang gave it a permanent form, in gold. The Order comprises three classes. It is also given in silver to subordinate officials.



THE ANNAMITE "LEGION OF HONOUR": THE KIM KHANH, IN GOLD.

The highest and oldest form of the Khanh decoration is in jade, reserved for officials of high rank. The Kim Khanh, in gold, was first bestowed on a Frenchman in 1873. In 1887 four classes of the Order were established.

THE CROCODILE'S NEST AND EGGS: THE MOTHER ON GUARD.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE P. LEWIS.



WITH THE MOTHER ON GUARD (RIGHT): A NEST OF THE MARSH CROCODILE; OF LEAVES, TWIGS, AND BRANCHES.



GUARDED BY THE MOTHER CROCODILE, TO PREVENT THEFT BY MONKEYS: A CROCODILE'S EGGS IN THE NEST.

These unique photographs of the Crocodile at home are from the Dutch East Indies, and were obtained at considerable risk, plus discomfort from mosquitoes and the huge red ants that infest these swamps and cannot be guarded against by the venturer seeking to escape detection by the crocodiles. The rivers inhabited by these reptiles are wide, winding streams, where the flat, marshy land is covered daily by the sea and intruders are rare. "*Crocodilus Palustris*," or Marsh Crocodile, differs from the crocodile of Egypt, its head and jaws being broader and somewhat rounder. There also is a slight difference in the tail. The crocodile makes a very large nest composed of leaves, twigs and branches placed upon a

heap, scraped together some three or four feet in height. It is well formed and drained, and is generally a little distance from the river, where access is made by a small creek. The female lies on watch in a shallow trench made round the nest for protection from theft by monkeys, etc. Her eggs are oval and quite white, with a hard shell; the size is generally about four inches long. Between twenty to fifty eggs are deposited in the nest, and are hatched by the heat of the sun in about ten weeks. The baby crocodile is supplied by Nature with front teeth strong enough to break the hard shell. On emerging they immediately make for the river, and are self-supporting.

VISITED BY ST. PATRICK: A 5TH-CENTURY IRISH MONASTERY UNEARTHED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY R. WELCH (BELFAST) AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



WHERE ST. PATRICK CONVERTED A PAGAN CHIEF: NENDRUM MONASTERY (FOUNDED ABOUT 450 A.D.), ON MAHEE ISLAND, STRANGFORD LOUGH—THE CHURCH, SHOWING THE WEST DOOR (RESTORED).



WITH A STONE CAUSEWAY INSIDE—PROBABLY A 'MONKS' WALK, CORRESPONDING TO CLOISTERS IN LATER FOUNDATIONS: THE CASHEL WALL AT NENDRUM MONASTERY.



BUILT INTO A RESTORED GABLE WALL OF THE CHURCH FOR PRESERVATION: ANCIENT CROSSES AND RELICS AT THE RUINS OF NENDRUM MONASTERY.



BUILT PERHAPS IN THE NINTH CENTURY AS A REFUGE AFTER THE FIRST INVASION OF THE NORSEMEN: THE ROUND TOWER AT NENDRUM MONASTERY.



DESTROYED BY NORSE SEA-ROVERS, PROBABLY IN 974 A.D., AND LATER USED AS A PARISH CHURCH: NENDRUM MONASTERY CHAPEL—THE WEST DOOR.

One of the oldest Christian foundations in Ireland, established nearly 1500 years ago, has just been brought to light. The ruins on Mahee Island, in Strangford Lough, Co. Down, not far from Belfast, have been identified as the remains of the ancient monastery of Nendrum, founded, it is believed, in 450 A.D., and first mentioned in Muircha's Life of St. Patrick, written in the seventh century. A pagan chieftain named Maccuil, who formerly ruled the district, attempted to kill St. Patrick, who, however, converted him to Christianity. The pagan stronghold became a monastery, and the first abbot was Mahee, who was baptised in 433 and died in 497. Here, too, was one of the early

Irish schools, where St. Finian and St. Colman were educated. The monastery was destroyed by the Norsemen, probably in 974 A.D., when the list of abbots suddenly stops. Nendrum next appears in the records in 1178, and later it was used as a parish church. Before the recent excavations began, the site was overgrown with brambles. Gradually were revealed the foundations of the old buildings, the church, and the great Cashel walls, an ancient defence work. The ruins have been repaired with cement, and some crosses and inscribed stones let into the masonry for preservation, as explained on the tablet seen in the photographs of the west door.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

INTEREST in public affairs is very much intriguing women, even in this holiday time. Dinner-table conversations are largely about sport or games. After-dinner chats, and those at tea-time and over boudoir cigarettes, are centred on the affairs of the country. Men have had almost all they want of politics; it is very frequently a case of "I'm fed up with politics," or "Bother politicians! I wouldn't trust them as far as I could throw them," or some other expression of disgust and boredom with the whole thing. Far otherwise with our sex, to whom real personal influence in the State's affairs has the charm of newness. I hear from friends who are in the North, at polo house parties here, at golfing resorts, and even at Deauville, of frivolous holiday reputation, that women are seriously and sensibly discussing the possibilities of the next General Election. This is all to the good, since discussion shows interest; and interest will result in action and new life from purer sources, and more vital springs will be poured into what has become flat, stale, and unprofitable. That women will do what they think right with a will is their great recommendation for their new powers.

To turn to affairs more of old-time feminine interest, it would not occur to many people that the newest flowers used for hat-trimming are made of rubber, yet this is so. The idea has not, as might be supposed, arisen from the very unsatisfactory specimen of summer weather with which we have been served; it is just a novelty, and can be a very pretty one. Not all the rubber flowers that are seen on the newest and smartest hats can be called akin to those of nature, either in form or colour. Those copied from blooms with which our acquaintance is slight are the most effective, such as lotus-flowers, aloe-

more precious sex carefully regard it, until it became apparent that the elegance of ball-room *beaux* was not effected without the aid of corsets. It is now noticeable that smart young men are showing their waist-line in what we should call Empire style—that is, in a line with the first button of their morning jackets, which are so moulded as to give the effect. In this way they beat us at our own game, for, while we go figureless all the time, they have one for the evening and another for the morning!

The Queen must have greatly enjoyed her visit to Moy Hall, with which so much of the romantic history of Scotland is so closely bound up. Although the surroundings of Moy are mostly moorland and pine forest, there is lovely scenery within easy reach by motor-car. The Findhorn River, where it foams along, amber-brown with creamy froth, between high cliffs of porphyry and different-coloured marbles, with trees and ferns and mosses filling the crevices, is a beautiful sight. At this point it runs through the property of Sir William Gordon Cumming—Altyre, near Forres. To his credit be it said that the public can enjoy this superb bit of river scenery without hindrance. The Caledonian Canal is also largely available by motor-car from Moy, and the Queen's real enjoyment of fine scenery is very apparent. Inverness, from which the Duke of York takes one of his titles, was of interest to the Queen. It is a very fine town of broad streets, good bridges, and fine buildings, and possesses a wonderfully mild climate, although it is so far North. Many people regard the word "Highland" as a question of altitude. Inverness is, of course, almost sea-level. The real division of Highland from Lowland is a geological line of a particular coloured granite.

Lady Millicent Hawes, the Duke of Sutherland's mother, is at Dunrobin Castle. She is a great favourite with the Sutherlandshire people, for whom she did so much, albeit her work for them did not always secure immediate appreciation, and some of it fell through; such as carpet-making for the fisher-folk at Helmsdale when the herring suddenly deserted that place and distress ensued. Later, the fisher-girls went south after the herring, or up to Wick, and there earned enough to keep them through the winter without the all-year-round indoor industry. Lady Millicent has to her credit the Technical Institute for boys at Golspie, the Sutherlandshire District Nursing Society, and the Highland Industries—all flourishing, and all of great benefit to the crofters and fisher-folk. On the latter bad times have again fallen, through failure in the herring-fishing north and south. Lady Millicent Hawes was present with the Duke and Duchess at a farmers' luncheon in the Dairy Park at Dunrobin, and had an ovation from a very unemotional and undemonstrative people.

Children at the seaside have been and are most anxious that their children (dollies) should have the benefit of sea-bathing. The preciousness of these have their clothes made to take off. Alas! not all of them have complexions and hair that emerge scathless from a dip. It is useless to try to persuade a kiddie that what her elders say is so good for her is bad for "Angelina," or whatever her child's name may be. Consequently there is lamentation when Angelina arises from the waves very unlike the pictures of Venus so emerging. For all ills there is prevention; and the celluloid dollies which can be undressed and bathed will be joys to the youngster. When their ablutions are not followed by drying at the fire, all will be well. I have seen some of these, very diminutive, extremely pretty, and clad in fairy-like knitted silken garments, each one of

which can be removed, and the wearers warranted not to spoil from a bathe. Giving dolly a dip is a great incentive to dolly's mother to face the rather fearsome ordeal herself.



A SUMPTUOUS WRAP AND A BEAUTIFULLY DRAPED EVENING GOWN AT HARRODS.

Black crêpe marocain and seal musquash make a sumptuous wrap for either evening or afternoon wear. It is lined with mustard-coloured crêpe, and shown on the left of our drawing. The apple-green, moiré bengaline evening gown is beautifully draped and embroidered with silver-lined beads. The train falling from the right hip strikes a distinctive note.

"Madam, will you walk, Madam, will you talk, Madam, will you walk and glide with me?" will be the new vocal invitation. Gliding promises to be quite a thrilling sport. As it no longer involves gliding off a height, the thrill will have just enough—and not too much—risk to make it real sport. How nice it will be when one can glide over to tea in the next county, or down to Southampton to meet friends on an incoming liner; or from house-party to house-party. The man, even if he be a German, who has glided up and sailed about for over two hours in the upper air has opened all sorts of pleasant possibilities to the venturesome. The prosaic pedestrian may view the prospect with misgiving. To choose, when out for a peaceful promenade, between being rammed into eternity by the bonnet of a motor-car or crushed out of existence by a sudden descent of an engineless aeroplane, is a dilemma of the nature of that extended to Hobson. Whoever that mythical being may have been, there is small doubt that compulsion rather than will-power was his unhappy lot.

Cubbing has commenced. The Duke of Beaufort's hounds began last week, and the Duke, a noble sportsman every way you take him, was out in his car, which seems, under his direction, to get across country almost as well as a horse, if with less pleasing motion. There seems to be among hunting women a movement for return to the side-saddle, at least for the sport in the field. There are side-saddles and side-saddles; the straight, level-seat variety, built to the figure, is more comfortable than the cross saddle, and the jumping head is a great help to straight-riding hunting women. Their grip is not so muscular as that of men, and a baulking horse is a terror to them. Most women agree that skirts and coats are smarter-looking than long-skirted coats, breeches and boots; also that a woman looks taller and more elegant on a straight, level side-saddle than on a dipped cross-saddle. The great point is—which seat is safest and best for hunting?—and it seems to be decided that the side-saddle has advantages.

A. E. L.



TRIMMED WITH MONKEY FUR: A SIMPLE AND GRACEFUL EVENING GOWN AT HARRODS. Simplicity and grace are the features of this dinner-gown of cherry-coloured georgette oversewn with silver-lined beads. The adornment of black monkey fur gives it a note of distinction.

CARRIED OUT IN FUCHSIA VELVET: A HANDSOME EVENING WRAP.

This evening wrap is carried out in a lovely shade of fuchsia velvet, and is provided with a handsome collar of interlaced velvet ribbon. It is one of Harrods' many models.

their hat trimmings, but soon get tired of them.

Some time ago, especially in their evening-dress coats, men began to show a decided waist-line—that is, such men as had one to show. As our sex more and more ignored the waist, so did the

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE LITTLE OWL—AND A TALE OF MYSTERY.

TWICE, lately, in my rambles, I have encountered the Little Owl (*Athene noctua*), and this has called to mind certain curious facts in its records that are, so far as I can make out, not so well known as they deserve to be. This little bird, sacred to Pallas Athene, is now regarded as a truly British bird. Inasmuch as it is now to be met with in every English county south of Lancashire and Yorkshire, its status may be regarded as established. Yet it is doubtful whether it is not, after all, an alien. For there is more than a doubt as to whether it would ever have reached our shores unaided. The first recorded occurrence of this species in England was in 1758, when one was taken alive in a chimney, near the Tower of London. Was this a genuinely wild specimen, or a bird escaped from captivity?

In 1843 that delightful old naturalist, Charles Waterton, turned out five of these birds into his park. Since then Mr. St. Quentin, in Yorkshire, Mr. Meade Waldo, in Hampshire, Lord Lilford, in Northamptonshire, and Lord Rothschild, in Bucks, have turned out, between them, large numbers. Some also, I believe, were turned out by the Duchess of Bedford, at Woburn. Having regard to these instances, and the known fact that on the Continent the Little Owl is not migratory, it is surely doubtful whether, but for man's agency, it would ever have established for itself a footing in England. Some have deplored these introductions, on the ground that this bird, the most diurnal of all the owls, shows a fondness for nestling partridges and pheasants. But this charge has by no means been fully proved. An examination of its harder shows that it is not a difficult bird to please. Among the list of its victims are earthworms, spiders, beetles, frogs, lizards, robins, starlings, mistle-thrushes, mice, voles, moles, and small rabbits, as well, it must be confessed, as

young pheasants, partridges, and chickens. But these last have not occurred in excessive numbers.

It is a small bird, the male measuring, from the crown of its head to the tip of its tail, a matter of some nine inches, and it may be recognised at sight by its flat head, short tail, and greyish-brown plumage, spotted and streaked with white. On the wing it has a dipping flight, recalling that of the woodpecker,



LORD CAVAN'S TOUR OF INSPECTION OF THE BRITISH RHINE FORCES: THE CHIEF OF THE IMPERIAL GENERAL STAFF AT A CONSECRATION OF COLOURS.

General the Earl of Cavan, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, recently made a four days' tour of inspection of the British Rhine forces. He is here seen, standing (fourth from left in the photograph, behind the clergy) at the consecration of the new colours of the 1st Battalion York and Lancaster Regiment. Next to Lord Cavan is Lieut.-General Sir A. Godley (third from left), Commander-in-Chief of the British Army on the Rhine. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. S. Parry-Evans, C.M.G., the principal chaplain.—[Photograph by Topical.]

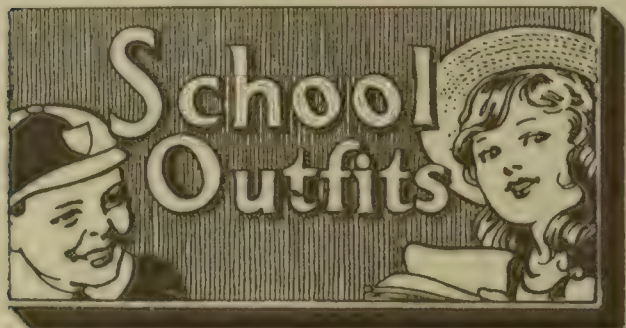
while the contour of its outspread wings has a rounded appearance. No other owl would sit perched on a rail, or tree-stump, in the full blaze of a summer's day. But the really interesting part of the history of the Little Owl goes much deeper than this. It concerns a mystery which has yet to be solved.

This mystery dates back to the summer of 1899, when a small owl bearing traces of nestling down on its feathers, was brought to Professor Giglioli, of Florence. It was one of a nest of four, taken at

Pizzocco. It was so unlike any other owl he had ever seen that he regarded it as a species new to science, and accordingly named it *Athene chiaradia*, and asked for further specimens. In July of the following year a nest of four young owls was taken from the same place; and three of these proved to be "Little Owls"—the fourth, identical with his "new species." In 1901 a third example was taken at Fregona, from a nest of three, its co-nestlings being again typical Little Owls! In the following year, he received not only another nest of four young, but also the parent birds. Three of the nestlings were, as before, typical Little Owls: the fourth was again identical with his "*chiaradia*." This, it is to be noted, differed from the typical *Athene noctua* in having dark brown—almost black—instead of pale yellow irides, and longitudinal white bands on the quills of the wings and tail, in place of transverse bands, while the dark areas of the typical plumage were here more intensely pigmented.

The parents were both remarkable birds. The male was larger than a Little Owl should be, and paler in colour, while the white blotches of the top of the head were strikingly numerous and large. But more than this, the tail feathers were more than a quarter of an inch wider than in the typical *Athene noctua*. The female also had unusually broad tail feathers, was conspicuously under-sized, and much darker in colour than the typical Little Owl. But *Athene chiaradia* seems to have differed as much from its parents as from its brothers and sisters.

What would have happened to these strange youngsters if they had been allowed to grow up? How long would these two abnormal parents have gone on reproducing this aberrant type? What results would have been obtained by crossing, or in-breeding, the abnormal type? Professor Giglioli missed the chance of a lifetime. He slew the whole family to make museum specimens! W. P. PYCRAFT.



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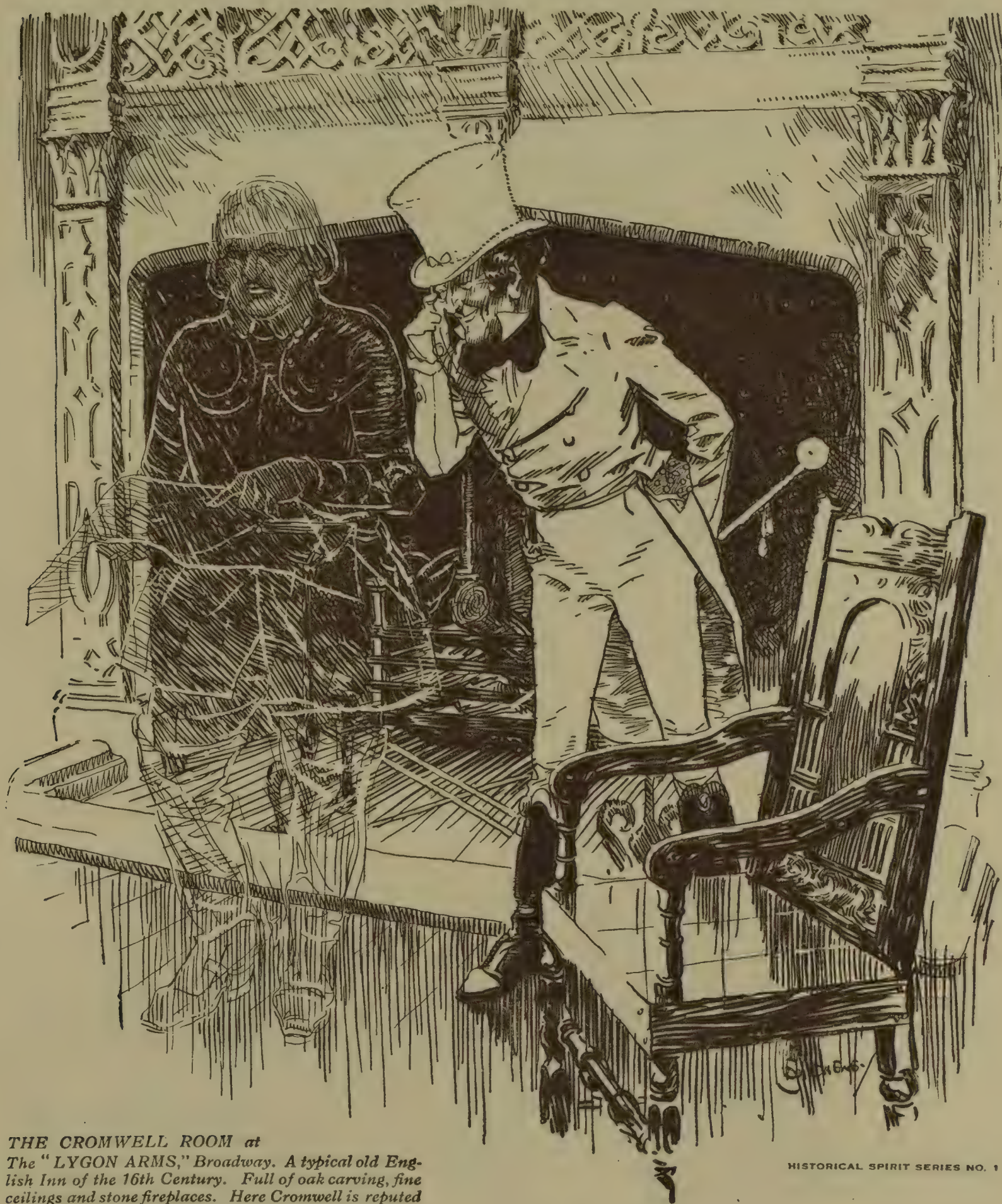
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE DIPPER." AT THE CRITERION.

MR. CYRIL MAUDE'S playwrights have dealt so poorly with his talents of late that it is a pleasure to see his personality exploited rather more for what it is worth than usual, in the newest piece in which he is appearing—an American farce of Mr. Ben Travers' composition, entitled "The Dippers." Cyril Maude's best comic work is plaintive and appealing; it asks for compassion, it seeks sympathy. The actor's mannerisms of voice, sometimes soaring up to falsetto, and a certain air of deference or deprecation he assumes, reinforce this, perhaps involuntary, plea for pity; and if he is to be allowed to make the most of his art, that element in his temperamental equipment must not be ignored. In "The Dippers" it gets a very fair chance. We see Mr. Maude in the character of an amiable simpleton defenceless before the force of superior wills. Stranded at a country railway station, and drowning until the morning train comes, he is mistaken for a male dancer by a chauffeur and carried off in that capacity to a house-party. Here, though this poor Talboyes has not a ghost of an idea how to dance, the entreaties of a duettist dancer, whose partner has left her in the lurch, induce him to make a sorry appearance in public, rendered all the more tragic for him because among the house guests is his fiancée, a suspicious woman who has only let herself be engaged to him "on appro." With her discovery of him in so compromising a situation, and with the bursting in of the dancer's husband, we have the comic climax in which Mr. Maude can excel, because his notes of pathos are able to give all the more piquancy to his sense of fun. Your effective farce, however, is never a one-part piece, and Mr. Maude has this time a partner worthy of his own gifts. In the part of the dancer, and with a real instinct for dancing, we have Miss Binnie Hale, an actress in whom youth is a recommendation, not a disqualification, for she has sound technique as well as girlish fascination, and with it all a sense of comedy that is refreshing because so obviously spontaneous.

"BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE," AT THE QUEEN'S. Good fun and good acting are provided at the Queen's just now, in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," which Mr. Arthur Wimperis has adapted from the French of Alfred Savoir. But to speak of a piece so utterly unrelated to realities as this as a play would be to dignify it too greatly; and, indeed, with some scenes too serious for farce, and the rest too grotesquely droll for anything but extravaganza, it is best

he marries the daughter of a poor aristocrat, only to find her refusing a real union, and spoiling his efforts to treat her as he has treated most of her predecessors. There is "faking" on both sides—she planning a pretence of infidelity with a young idiot of a lover overcome by drink; he arranging with detectives a sham business of discovery, and lo! when the moment comes, there is a man in the wife's room; but what an object, and what an object-lesson for jealous Bluebeard! How a player with Mr. McKinnel's rugged force and masterful personality scores in the bed-room episode anyone who knows his powers and his record can readily imagine; but hardly less credit is due to Mr. Wakefield; while Miss Titheradge puts delightful spirit and humour into every passage.

"LAWFUL LARCENY." AT THE SAVOY.

There is no vice of restraint about the American company's handling of Mr. Samuel Shipman's breezy story of "Lawful Larceny" at the Savoy; and if a judge is shown here as a sentimental fool, and a vampire is proved to be the feeblest hand at crime, easily outwitted by an amateur, why, that is the playwright's responsibility, not theirs—enough for them is it to get every ounce of melodrama and fun out of the fable. Some of us may marvel that a young and happily married American business man like Andy Dorsey, who was clever enough to pile up thousands, should be so easily fleeced by an adventuress, and equally marvel that an astute adventuress should go down so utterly when virtue decided to turn predatory in its own and its spouse's defence. But the cast very rightly does not boggle at these points. Mr. Forrest Winant as the fleeced husband does not mind looking foolish. Miss Catherine Calvert, in the part of the vampire, disguises that lady's incompetence before more resolute larceny with a display of bravura which is as picturesque as her appearance. Miss Ruth Shepley, as the unscrupulously virtuous heroine, puts forcefulness into both her sentiment and her imitations of crime. And the first-night audience took at once to its heart that insinuating comedian, Mr. Morgan Wallace, who made villainy of a doubly distilled sort perfectly delightful by a charm and an assurance not easily defined.



A WEDDING GIFT TO VISCOUNT LASCELLES FROM THE HAREWOOD TENANTRY: MR. OSWALD BIRLEY'S PORTRAIT OF PRINCESS MARY.

This portrait in oils of Princess Mary, by Mr. Oswald Birley, was presented to Viscount Lascelles, at Harewood House, Leeds, on August 26, as a wedding gift from the tenants of the estate. There were nearly 800 guests, and the presentation was made by Mr. T. A. Hudson, of Pannal. Our photograph shows some of the tenantry viewing the picture after the ceremony.—[Photograph by C.N.]

described as just an entertainment which provides an ingenious variation on the familiar triangle of sex, and is brilliantly interpreted by the three leading members of the cast—Mr. Norman McKinnel, Miss Madge Titheradge, and Mr. Hugh Wakefield. Bluebeard is, of course, made a fool of during this entertainment. An American millionaire who has divorced six wives already, and lost one by death,

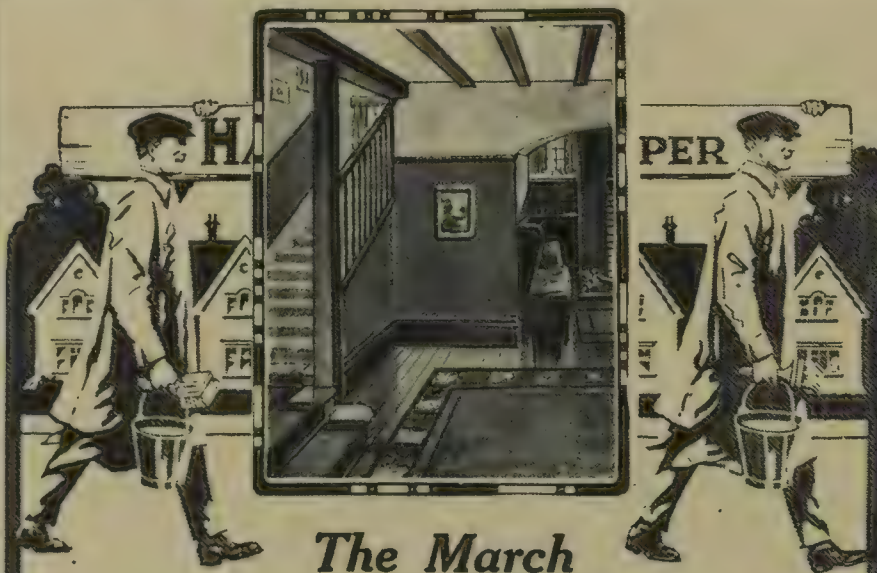
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Talbot-Darracqs Again! Will nobody put a period to the tale of success of the one-and-a-half-litre Talbot-Darracqs? These

wonderful little racers seem to be absolutely invincible in their class—nothing quite like them has ever been

in question is exceedingly interesting as showing what happens to one of these small, nippy racers when a tyre does go. Incidentally, I believe the car, save for damage to the body, is practically uninjured. There is no apparent distortion of the frame, the axles are not out of line, and engine and transmission are not damaged at all. This is certainly a wonderful tribute to the sturdiness of construction of these little cars.

A Word of Warning.

Recently certain people have taken advantage of the rate of the Italian exchange to import a number of Fiat chassis into this country, and have offered them for sale at prices somewhat below the current market rate. It will be just as well if anyone to whom a Fiat chassis is offered at a comparatively cheap price will enquire as to its origin before making the purchase, since there are certain patents embodied in the Fiat which are owned by Messrs. Fiat Motors, Ltd. The illicit traffic in these cars has reached dimensions which have compelled the British firm to take action, and it scarcely needs pointing out that the user of the car which infringes these

(Continued overleaf.)

A Marvellous Escape.

I should say that Chassagne and his mechanic, who came to grief at Brooklands during the Two Hundred, must think themselves fortunate to be alive. To be hurled over the top of the banking, as they were, at something very little short of 100 miles an hour, to be thrown well clear of the car, and to escape without more than a few scratches, is an experience which would not happen once in a thousand times. It was one of those occurrences which only fall short by a very little of the miraculous. What seems to have happened was that the off-side rear tyre burst and threw the car into a skid from which Chassagne,

skilled driver as he is, was unable to recover, and the car, after gyrating wildly about the track, finally went over the top like a projectile, uprooting two trees on its way, and came to rest with its nose through a corrugated iron fence and with the trunk of another tree resting right across the cockpit, from which the driver and his mechanic had just been thrown. The photographs which are reproduced on this page show the tracks of the car on the cement before it went over the banking, and the car after it had landed. I have tried to reconstruct the series of skids the car took from the marks, but I must say I have not succeeded. Possibly others may be more successful. In any case, the photograph



WHERE A TALBOT-DARRACQ RACER LEAPT INTO THE TREES DURING THE 200-MILE RACE: ITS MARKS ON THE BROOKLANDS TRACK.

seen. In every classic race in which they have competed they have won outright, and more often than not have secured more than the premier honours. The "Petit Grand Prix" and the Two Hundred Miles' race last year saw them in the first three places. In the Isle of Man this year they narrowly missed a similar performance through one of the three turning over at a bad corner. In the recent Two Hundred Miles' they were first and third, and might have had all the "places" if Chassagne's car had not burst a tyre and gone over the top of the banking. They are to race again at Le Mans on the 17th, and the odds are that they will repeat their victory of last year.

It must be dawning upon designers of racing cars generally, and a certain few in particular, that it is one thing to be able to produce a motor which is capable of an extraordinary power output for its dimensions, but quite another to design a complete chassis which has the essential quality of reliability at sustained high speed to enable it to win these long-distance



A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE AT BROOKLANDS: THE TALBOT-DARRACQ WHERE IT FELL (AFTER KNOCKING DOWN SEVERAL FIR TREES)—WITH P. DUTOIT, THE MECHANIC.

During the 200-miles race at Brooklands on August 19, the Talbot-Darracq racer No. 5, driven by Jean Chassagne, leapt the track owing to a burst tyre and landed thirty yards away, after knocking down six fir trees in its flight through the air. Miraculously, no one was hurt. The mechanic, P. Dutoit, is shown in our photograph.

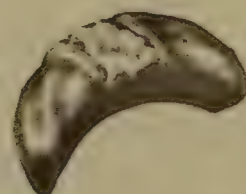
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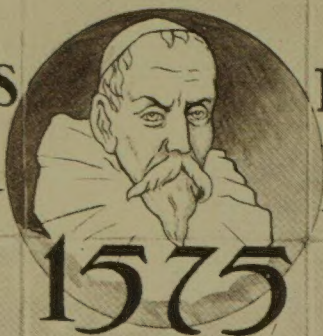


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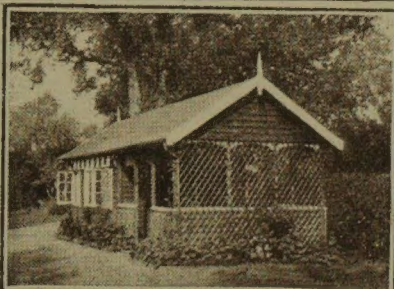
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patents is equally liable at law with the importer and the vendor. Action has already been taken in one or two cases, and I believe there are more to follow. Apart from unpleasant legal consequences, there is nothing very attractive in owning a car which nobody will sponsor, and for which it is impossible to obtain spares or renewals. That is the position in which the purchaser of one of these pirated Fiats finds himself.

The New Great West Road. A length of about a mile of the new Great West Road, between Syon Lane and Thornbury Road, was opened to vehicular traffic on the 21st ult. Mr. A. Dryland, M.I.C.E., the County Surveyor of Middlesex, through the Automobile Association, invites motorists to "have a spin" over this section in order that they may get some idea of what the new road will be like when completed in its entirety. Notices are erected at the foot of Syon Lane, the approach from the Bath Road at the eastern end (which needs some careful negotiating), and at the foot of Thornbury Road, the approach at the western end. By about the end of September, a further half-mile will be opened to Jersey Road. W. W.

More than 10,000 officers were commissioned during the war from the Artists' Rifles, and of surpassing interest to every survivor is the recently published Regimental Roll of Honour and War Record, covering the whole period between 1914 and 1919. It not only contains a complete record of the war service of the Artists' battalions which served overseas, but an equally comprehensive analysis of all commissions granted to members of the regiment, a record of honours gained with details of the actions for which they were awarded, and a detailed list of those who gave their lives in defence of civilisation and liberty. It is published by Messrs. Howlett and Son, of 10, Frith Street, Soho Square, at a guinea.

SHAKESPEARE'S "GREATE GARDEN."*

IT is certain that "the whole garden eventually owned and occupied by Shakespeare in connection with his possession of New Place—the largest annexed to any habitation in the town—was identical in extent and boundaries with the ground long known

It is equally certain that "one of the best-known features of his garden, for a hundred-and-forty-two years after his death, was an old mulberry tree, known to have been planted by himself, presumably in 1609, when James I. issued his proclamation to all the Corporations of England, and to all loyal owners of land, to plant mulberry trees, in order to promote the cultivation of the silk-worm, with the view to the establishment of a silk-weaving industry in England."

Beyond that, all is conjecture: a part of "the vague, barren and uncharted desert of uncertain facts associated with Shakespeare's life and circumstances." Even the famous mulberry is dust, and its very site in doubt, although it may be inferred that it flourished in Shakespeare's orchard, "in which case it perhaps stood not far from the older of the two mulberries now growing in the garden, to wit, the one on the lawn." Nothing more definite can be hazarded; for the tree was cut down, in 1758, by the curmudgeonly parson, Francis Gastrell, "out of petulance at being troubled with people coming to see it." That same cleric it was who, being in possession of the property, pulled down all that remained of the house in which Shakespeare lived at New Place.

Luckily, the present Stratfordians are as enthusiastic as those of Gastrell's time, who saw to it that when the peccant clergyman left the town he did so "amidst the rages and curses of the inhabitants."

Hence such an enterprise as the reconstruction of Shakespeare's garden, as nearly as may be in the shape it had in its greatest master's day. Frankly, as has been said, the re-making is necessarily guesswork. It is described most sympathetically in Mr. Law's erudite and admirable little book, a work all good Shakespeareans will treasure for its lucidity, its knowledge, and its detail. And it may be added that the volume is embellished not only by photographs, but by reproductions of the drawings we published a while ago to illustrate the Knott Garden and the Long Border as the poet is likely to have known them.



THE FIRST ULSTER MINISTER OF EDUCATION UNVEILS A STATUE OF HIS FATHER: LORD LONDONDERRY SPEAKING AT SEAHAM HARBOUR.

A statue of the late Lord Londonderry was unveiled on Saturday, August 26, at Seaham Harbour, Co. Durham, by his son, the present Marquess, who succeeded to the title in 1915. He recalled that his father had been born and bred there (one of the family seats is Seaham Hall), and had established the great new colliery at Dawdon. It had occurred to his sister (Lady Ilchester) and himself to erect this memorial. The sculptor was Mr. John Tweed. Lord Londonderry became the first Minister of Education in the Ulster Parliament last year, and has been Under-Secretary for Air. He was formerly M.P. for Maidstone, and later served with his regiment in the war.—[Photograph by Topical.]

by the name of the 'Greate Garden,' which is now vested, together with the site and foundations of New Place, in the trustees of his birthplace."

* "Shakespeare's Garden, Stratford-upon-Avon." By Ernest Law, C.B., one of the Trustees. (Selwyn and Blount, Ltd.; 3s. 6d. net.)

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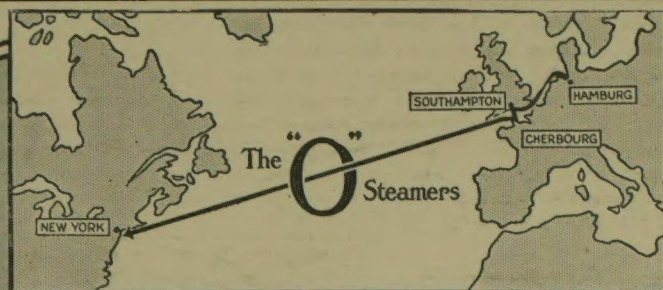
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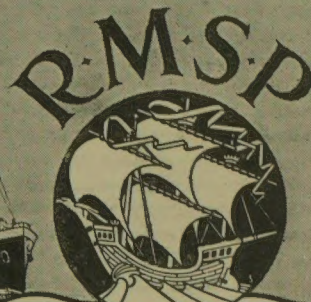
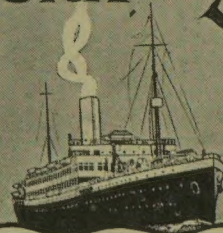


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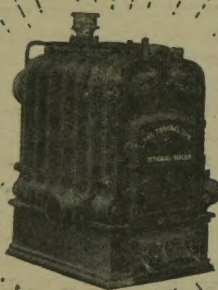
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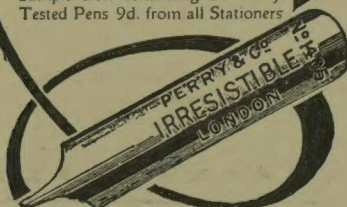
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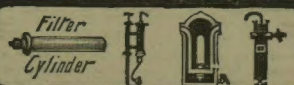
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